

The CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

The Story of the World Today for the Men and Women of Tomorrow

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A HERO FOR TRAFALGAR SQUARE See Page Six

THE SECOND BURIAL OF TUTANKHAMEN

BACK IN HIS TOMB

Another Page in a Thrilling
Chapter of History

THE KING AND HIS BOATS

King Tutankhamen has been buried again in the hills of Egypt.

Thirty-three centuries ago the mummy was sealed in the central chamber of its palace of death by the priests of Thebes, to the accompaniment of gorgeous ritual. Now the long-dead king has been reburied in the Valley of the Kings, very simply this time, in the presence of some members of the Egyptian Government. The mummy was re-clothed in its shroud, put in the original coffin, and lowered into the sarcophagus.

We not only owe Tutankhamen a great debt, but we have learned to think of him with pity and a certain amount of affection. He has become to us poor little King Tut. For over three years we have been hearing news of him; for over ten years the archaeologists responsible for the discovery were searching for the tomb.

A Coloured Page of History

The discovery of the tomb and its slow opening up, with splendour piled on splendour, have been two of the most stupendous events in the world's history. Nothing else could have revealed a certain epoch of the past so royally and so perfectly. And, owing this debt to the long-dead king, we are very thankful that the mummy will lie where it was originally placed.

The secrets of this palace tomb have not yet been exhausted. There will be in it, probably, little everyday things connected with the furnishing of an Egyptian tomb. But whatever there may be we shall be interested in it, especially if the items are as attractive as the first we hear of—a fleet of boats and a pair of chariots.

The chariots are not very grand, like some that have been found. It has been suggested that they were merely for hunting and not for a great ceremony.

Across the River of Death

Thirty small boats make up the fleet, some intended for use in this world and some, in the minds of this extraordinary and imaginative ancient people, for the next world. The first set are of the kind that were generally used as funeral barges to convey the dead across the Nile to the resting-place in the tomb.

The others were set apart for a greater journey, across the Styx itself, the River of Death. They were to convey the body from Earth to Heaven. They seem to be the most pathetic of the objects that have been found in the Valley of the Kings—a fleet of boats built 3000 years ago to carry home to Heaven this one small fragment of humanity. And they have not been used yet.

The Land of Ages Past



Tutankhamen has returned to his last resting-place. What a land is his, with its hundred centuries of the Past throwing their shadow across its ever-changing Present! Here an Egyptian of today sits thinking in the shadow of the kings of long ago. See next column

A CHAPEL TO BE DROWNED

AND A DOZEN FARMS

What Progress Means in the
Green Hills of Wales

THE WAY OF ELECTRICITY

About a hundred years ago a little chapel was built among the green hills of Merionethshire, in Wales. It is known as Cae Adda, Trawsfynydd.

Who could have thought when it was set up and the first service held there that the day would come when it would be drowned? The North Wales Power Company are now proposing to drown it, along with a dozen farms, having bought the right to do so from the West Merioneth Presbytery.

Making the Dark Places Light

Cae Adda lies within the scope of the big dam which is to be built a little to the west of Trawsfynydd. The dam will stop the River Prysor from running down toward Penrhyndeudraeth, and make it help to form a reservoir, which we hope will have a short name. Once formed, this will make an important electric power station.

This is the third power station which the North Wales Power Company, working under the Electricity Commission, are responsible for. One lies two or three miles east of Snowdon; another in the Conway Valley near Dolcarrog Station. The work is going to make a vast difference to the everyday, or, rather, the every-night, life of North Wales people in town and country. It will mean that electric light and power will be within reach of all. How much dirt and discomfort and eye-strain will be spared! The country people, for whom the winter nights are so long, will most appreciate the results of this good achievement.

When the Day Dawns

The work is going on quietly round about Trawsfynydd, few people taking any notice or realising the change that is coming. When the day dawns on which the dam will be finished, and the waters of the Prysor are really harnessed for men's needs, there will doubtless be some grumbling, and inevitably there will be many sad thoughts as memory goes back through the years. The dwellers on the doomed farms will light their last fire, the last service will be held in Cae Adda and the last hymns sung. People will say that the founders of the chapel would turn in their graves if they did but know the changes that are pending in its neighbourhood.

But when a new chapel is built there will be services just as dear to the worshippers, and a great many people in the little chapels which are dotted over North Wales will sing "Aberystwyth" none the worse for being able really to see the words as they are printed in their hymn-books.

THE CARVING ON THE ROCK

TRAGEDY OF TWO BROTHERS

Tale of the Early Exploring of America

BRAVE MEN WHO VANISHED

An odd item of news comes from Brown University, Rhode Island, in the United States, where it is stated that Professor Delbarre has given 13 years of study, involving the reading of 600 books, to make plain eight words.

Carved on a rock beside the Taunton River in Massachusetts is a maze of inscriptions, the work of centuries. Among them the Professor found the date 1511 and these words:

Miguel Cortereal, 1511

V. DEI. HIC. DUX. IND.

He expanded the contractions and made the inscription yield the following translation: "Miguel Cortereal, 1511. By the will of God, here I became leader of the Indians."

A Classic Story

Next he is said to have delved into the history of early sixteenth-century exploration to find the story of Cortereal. But there seems no need here of 600 books, nor any necessity to delve deep to find who Miguel Cortereal was.

If the inscription could be deciphered beyond challenge the rest would be simple, for any schoolboy could have informed the professor that the story of Gaspar and Miguel Cortereal is one of the classics of early American exploration.

It was the Franklin disaster of the sixteenth century. The Cortereals were a noble Portuguese family attached to the Court during that wonderful generation in which the sons of Portugal rounded the Cape of Good Hope and reached India, then Brazil, St. Helena, Ascension, Tristan da Cunha, the River Plate, and Paraguay, and Magellan rounded the world for an alien sovereign.

A Memorable Day for Lisbon

Joao Vaz Cortereal, the father, was governor of the Azores, and had three fine, adventurous sons, of whom Gaspar and Miguel became immortal. Gaspar was fifty years old when King Manuel of Portugal gave him permission, in May, 1500, to sail to the north-west.

He saw Greenland and thought it to be "a point of Asia," and he reached Newfoundland, which, unknown to him, John Cabot had discovered three years earlier. Encountering natives, he captured fifty and sent home seven men, women, and children in one ship, while he continued exploration in the other.

The arrival of this ship at Lisbon was greeted with delight and in the spirit of the age; for it was declared that the pine trees of the new land would furnish the navy with masts.

Two Brave Lost Souls

But Gaspar Cortereal and his little ship came not again, so at the end of a year his elder brother Miguel was sent forth in two ships to find him. But he, like Gaspar, utterly vanished. Neither he nor his ships nor his crews were ever heard of again. Two more vessels were despatched in quest of the lost three, but no tidings were ever gleaned, and the third Cortereal brother was forbidden to sail in farther search.

The Portuguese called Newfoundland the Land of Cortereal for a century afterwards, to honour two brave lost souls whose fate was never known.

Now come the story of the inscription on a rock by a river in Massachusetts and the legend of 600 books pondered to read its message. It may have taken 13 years to pick out the lettering, but there is such magic in the mere name of Cortereal that a scholar's memory needs no aid to recall its sad associations of courage and inspiration.

THE MAGIC CIRCLE

What the Wireless Lighthouse Does

A MARVEL OF SOUTH FORELAND

Many novelties have been introduced into the wireless lighthouse at the South Foreland, where some of the shortest waves ever used in wireless (six metres) sweep the sea every few seconds in a huge circle which can be as real and vivid to the mariner in a fog as the brightest circle of light on a clear night.

The lighthouse itself stands on the Foreland, the centre of the wireless "circle." In front of it runs a circular railway, on which stands a huge wire cage like a gridiron. This is the radiating device which can guide the shape and direction of the wireless waves, a great improvement in many ways on the reflector first set up at Inchkeith, which the C.N. described when wireless search-light beams were first employed.

Although very little power is used, Marconi has picked up the South Foreland signals 100 miles away on a tiny

Doing the Great Thing

By Dr. Nansen

Dr. Nansen has been talking to the students of St. Andrews University on the Spirit of Adventure.

This is an extract from what he said to them, after they had sung the Norwegian National Anthem in his honour.

The spirit of adventure is a perpetual yearning to overcome difficulties and dangers, to penetrate into regions outside the beaten track.

You will find in the lives of men who have done anything that it is the spirit of adventure, the call of the unknown, that has lured them on along their course.

When you strike out throw your whole self into the enterprise. Set all your sails—no wavering; for self-trust is the first secret of success. One secret of such so-called success as there may have been in my life was to burn my boats and demolish the bridges behind me. Then there is no choice for you and your men but forward. You have to do or die.

Things that seem impossible can be done when you have to do them, and a life you may think hard is easily lived when you have a goal to work for. You will all find your adventure, but try not to waste your time in doing things which can be done equally well by others.

aerial wire slung from the navigating bridge of his yacht.

As the huge wire gridiron revolves on the circular railway, turning a complete circle every two minutes, so the beam of wireless waves sweeps round the sea. The letters I T I U I T I U are sent out at the rate of about ten a minute, and the navigator on a ship, by listening to the signals with the proper direction-finding apparatus, can tell almost exactly where he is in the densest fog.

The receiving equipment has recently been so wonderfully simplified that no skill is needed for its working. It is a little wireless receiver with a small handle, entirely separate from the ship's ordinary set.

WIRELESS BY WIRE

The Dutch Way

The municipal telephone service at The Hague has added wireless concerts to its attractions.

For an additional thirty shillings subscribers may have a year's wireless programmes delivered through their telephones instead of through wireless sets. The service began with nine hundred subscribers and their number is increasing daily. The inaugural programme included a lesson in English.

LEAGUE TO END SLAVERY

HUMAN BEINGS STILL IN CHAINS

More Slaves Today than the Civil War Set Free

BUT FREEDOM MARCHING ON

By Our League Correspondent

There shall be no more slaves. That is the trumpet call of the League of Nations, and the countries are answering to it, glad to have a rallying point for this great service to mankind.

More than once the C.N. has rejoiced over the liberation of slaves in different parts of the world, particularly in some Native States of India. People have been rather inclined to imagine that because there are no slaves in the British Empire there are none anywhere, but that is far from being so. Since the League set to work to find out all about slavery we have learned that there are at least three million men, women, and children who are slaves today, more than seven times the number set free by the American Civil War.

Stopping the Slave Trade

Thanks to the League there is now an agreement, signed in the last few weeks by half the countries of the world, to drive this terrible scourge completely out of the world.

The agreement first states that a slave is any person over whom someone else has rights of ownership, so that children who are unlawfully adopted, girls bought for dowries, men enslaved for debt, are included. The agreement also defines the Slave Trade as capturing, buying, or selling a person with intent to reduce him to slavery. Countries which sign the agreement undertake to abolish all forms of slavery, and to give each other every help in carrying out this work.

The agreement has tried to deal also with something which is not called slavery, but is almost exactly like it when it is employed for private profit—that is, forced labour. Many countries would like to forbid it altogether; others give all sorts of reasons for allowing it to continue, and will not agree to abolish it.

A Limit for Forced Labour

It is always very difficult to frame an international agreement which everyone will sign. In this case only half-way measures could be taken. Forced labour for private profit may be tolerated until it can be abolished without injustice; but while it is still employed proper wages must be paid and labourers may not be removed from their homes. The League Assembly added to this its opinion that forced labour, even for public purposes, should only be employed if it is impossible to find voluntary workers.

Like all international agreements that are now made, this Anti-Slavery Convention has an article stating that any dispute about its meaning or practice shall be taken before the Court of International Justice.

A DRAGON-FLY STOPS THE WIRELESS

A dragon-fly stopped the broadcasting programme of the big W J Z station in New Jersey the other day.

One of the engineers saw it buzzing round the brilliantly-lighted transmitting valves; then, agog with curiosity, it worked its way in among the huge copper air condensers. There was a blinding flash as the electric current leaped across the dragon-fly's body from one side of the condenser to the other and created a short circuit. It was a sad end for the beautiful insect, but its body was carefully put away in a glass tube as a relic, and the story of how it stopped the broadcasting was entered in the records of the W J Z station.

SCYLLA AND CHARYBDIS

A Railway Under Them

BIG IDEA FOR SICILY

History is full of instances of men who have seized power from democracies and have used it to make great improvements by which their names have become memorable ever after.

So did Pericles in Athens and the Caesars in Rome, so that it is in the true tradition that Mussolini should use the power he has attained to add new wonders to the Eternal City.

Now he is bringing to a head a project which Italy has discussed for half a century, the tunnelling of the Strait of Messina to join Italy and Sicily by rail.

Mussolini has ordered a report to be made to him on the scheme, and this will shortly be presented.

A Tunnel Four Miles Long

At its narrowest the Strait is only two miles across, and the tunnel with its approaches would be less than four miles long. The sea channel is close upon three hundred feet deep, and the tunnel in its descent to that level would pass under the legend-haunted Scylla and Charybdis. It would have to be cut the whole distance through limestone and volcanic rock.

In Homer's story of the wanderings of Ulysses at sea Scylla and Charybdis were among the most formidable perils that he encountered, and they have come down the ages as bywords of terror. Scylla was a six-headed monster living on a rock on the eastern shore, and ships could only avoid her clutches by clinging to the opposite side, where lurked the worse peril of the whirlpool of Charybdis. The names of these two monsters have been given to two difficult points in the Strait.

The tunnel would bring Syracuse to within sixty hours of London, and it is thought it might become the port for the Indian mails.

WE HEAR ANOTHER GOOD THING

Shrapnel for the Nursery

One of the pleasantest things we have heard for a long time is that a Hornsey factory is melting down 300 tons of shrapnel to make toys.

The frightful stuff which was meant to kill, torture, and blind brave men is now being made fit for the hands of little children. Instead of finding its way to a dismal land of shell holes, trenches, poison gas, and nameless graves it is going to Christmas trees and nursery cupboards. The cloud of war which overshadowed all of us a few years ago has rolled away.

The shrapnel toys will not be lead soldiers but little models of farmyard animals and buildings, painted in gay and attractive colours.

THINGS SAID

We are a lazy people. *Dean Inge*
Comment is free, but facts are sacred. *Mr. C. P. Scott*

The Bible is more read in all the world today than ever before. *Dr. J. H. Ritsen*
Nothing can happen to me before my work is done. *Signor Mussolini*

The Australian mail-ship timings have shown no improvement in 25 years. *Sir Newton Moore, M.P.*

Except the loss of a friend I think all our troubles are curable, most of them by one specific—more work. *Viscount Cave*

If we are going to trust ourselves to a voice speaking to millions we shall probably find ourselves listening to very commonplace things. *Headmaster of Rugby*

LITTLE ARTISTS OF THE POOR

EAST END ART GALLERY
Imagination and Clever Fingers
Work Together

A WHITECHAPEL TRIUMPH

One of the most delightful picture galleries in London now is Whitechapel Art Gallery, where the work of hundreds of London school children is being shown.

The walls are covered with drawings and paintings, and there are several tables and cases filled with craft work. Some of the exhibits bear the names of the individual workers, who range from eight to sixteen years. The rest are grouped round the name of the school and labelled as form work.

One Thing We Missed

As we go in we are conscious of the energy and patience and hope represented in this gallery. There seem to be hundreds of personalities here, hundreds of voices saying: "It is not much, but I did it." And when we realise that this work has come from East End London, beauty created where little beauty exists, we are filled with joy and pride to see how the human eye, brain, and hand can triumph. Here, within a stone's throw of the busiest and most dismal of streets, these delicate flowers, these dainty designs, have been painted.

The exhibition, which was opened by Earl Haddo, shows an extraordinary variety of interests. It is pleasing to see among the coloured sheets some good pencil drawings of homely objects, brooms, cans, caps, boots. The black and white geometric work of the boys of Curtain Road School is excellent, and so are some fine drawings done by budding engineers and architects. One thing we missed—good, pure Roman lettering, which is so hard to do and such a reward when it is done.

A Revelation in Metal Work

The craft work is exceedingly interesting, and though we feel that all these boys and girls have worked well and deserve, each one, our commendation, a special word must go to the Jews' Free Central School for Boys. The still life work is the broadest and soundest in the room, and the case of metal work is a revelation. Then there are all kinds of minor craft work, which means that the eye and hand have been trained well—art and design applied in most unusual ways. For instance, we feel very discontented with our coat-hangers since we have seen what East End scholars do with theirs.

For the teachers who are behind this work we need only say that the exhibition is their reward. The C.N. is glad to greet the work of its friends, and is proud to think how many it has whose labours are shown on these walls. Every great artist was once a child, and some of them lived in places like the Mile End Road. Who knows what great artists Time yet may bring from this East End of ours, where little beauty is?

DRAINING A LAKE FOR GOLD

An enterprising company is turning its attention toward a lake in British Columbia which is believed by many people to contain gold.

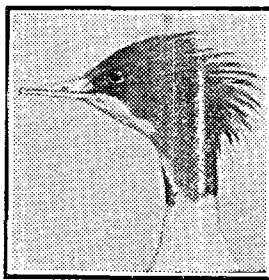
This lake is in the Devil's Canyon, near Barkerville, and it is said that many years ago Chinese settlers used to scoop gold out of the water with long-handled shovels.

It is now proposed to drain the lake as far as possible, the water being discharged over the side of the canyon by a siphon system. Drill holes will then be made to recover the precious metal.

WINTER VISITORS TO BRITAIN



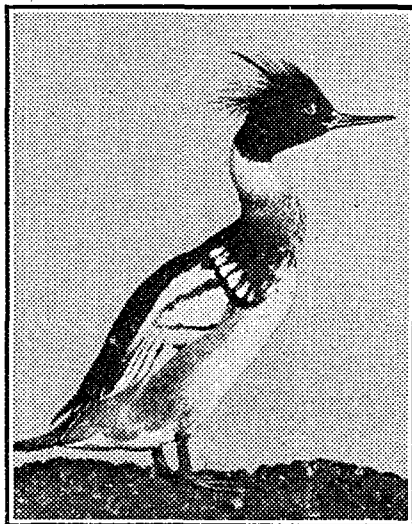
The Velvet Scoter



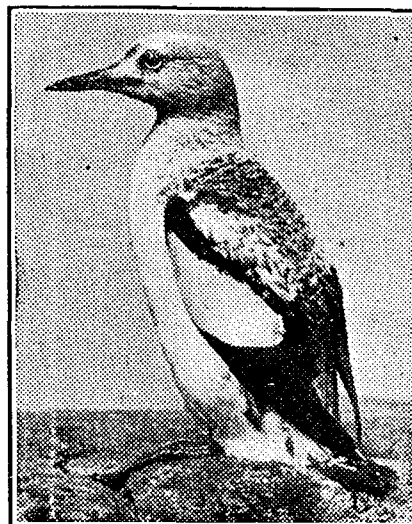
The Male Goosander



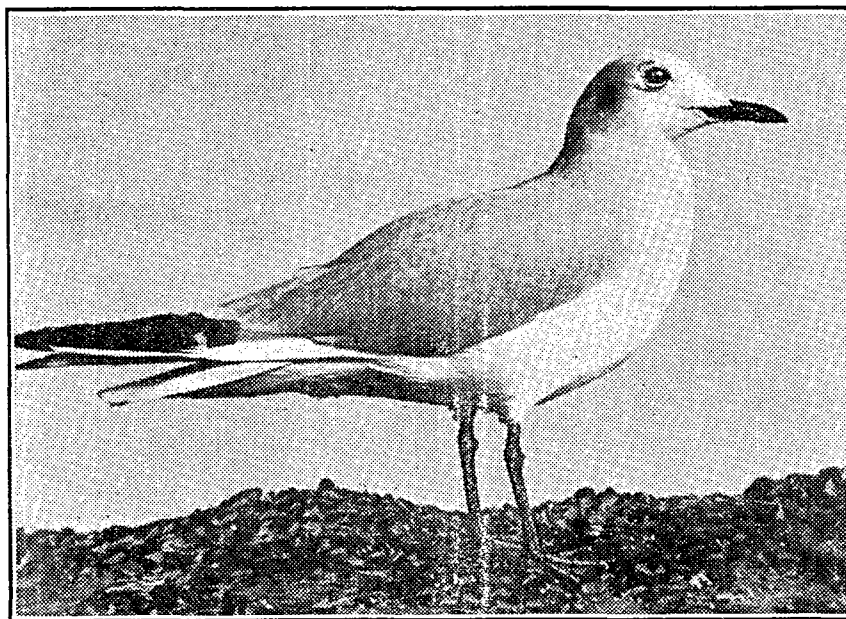
The Common Scoter



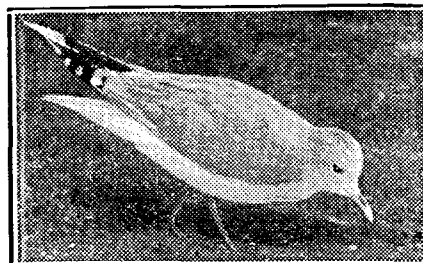
The Merganser



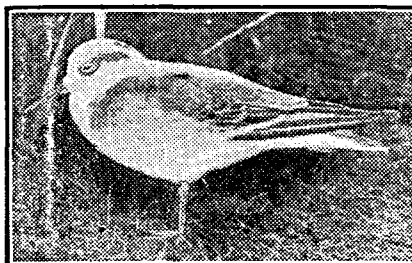
The Black Guillemot



The Black-headed Gull



The Common Gull



The Grey Phalarope



The Female Goosander



The Pintail Duck



The Little Auk

Many birds leave us for sunnier lands when the cold weather sets in, but to compensate us for their absence other birds, absent during the summer, come to Britain for the winter, and these pictures show some of the feathered visitors which have recently arrived

AN ANCIENT ENEMY TAKES THE FIELD

WOLF! WOLF!

An Age-Long War in Fable
and in Fact

LITERATURE'S FOREMOST ANIMAL FIGURE

Having just emerged from our annual Rat Week, in which people of goodwill and enterprise combine to destroy as many as possible of these enemies of human health and fortunes, we may with livelier sympathy regard the anxieties of lands where animal pests are more formidable than rats. East Prussia, for example, is overrun by wolves.

This is surprising, for the Prussians are never inefficient, but the explanation of the incursion is that neglect of effort in Bolshevik Russia has permitted so serious a multiplication of wolves there that the surplus, ravenous and fierce, have overflowed into Prussia. The alarming numbers of the invaders induce the German authorities to place a price of £25 a head on the dreaded animals.

A Marvel of Nature

The invasion seems to have been foreshadowed, for at the Leipzig Fair this year Russia had only 2000 wolfskins to offer, against her average consignment of 40,000 in years before the war. But what a story such figures tell; 40,000 Russian wolves year after year, and the total of the packs is greater than ever!

The persistence of the wolf is one of the marvels of Nature. For thousands of years Man has been in conflict with it, yet here it is, numerous, ferocious, and bold as ever in the Prussian villages, devouring sheep and cattle and menacing human life. The story might have been taken from our English records of hundreds of years ago, when men paid rents and tribute in wolfskins. Even then, in bad wolf years, special fees had to be paid to encourage exceptional zeal against unusual numbers of wolves.

An Old Belief

The long conflict between man and wolf has had extraordinary results. It is 2500 years since Aesop lived and wrote his fables, but his works show how much wolves were in men's minds even then, for glancing over nearly 200 of the immortal stories attributed to him we find that one-twelfth of the whole have the wolf as the central figure. Perhaps no other animal in the world has so filled human imagination with fear and horror.

The Greeks believed that men could convert themselves into wolves, and this belief dates from prehistoric times. Herodotus found an entire nation, the Neuri of Eastern Europe, who were said all to become wolves for a few days once a year. Herodotus did not believe the legend, and suggested that the people must be conjurers! But the belief in were-wolves, men by day and wolves by night, was general throughout the Middle Ages, to the great terror and unhappiness of innocent people.

Hunting Wolves for Sport

All this is as fantastic and absurd as the still surviving belief in witchcraft, but the great range of countries embraced, the enormous numbers of people affected, and the long ages of time through which the were-wolf superstition has persisted are proofs of the deep and lasting effects of wolves upon human fear and imagination.

They still hunt wolves for sport in France and Spain, but Prussia pays any man £25 who will kill and produce one of the animals. That was the old English way, and our hunters must have grown expert by service, for Henry the Second actually took two of the wolf-hunters from the Peak of Derbyshire overseas to help in suppressing the wolves of Normandy! E. A. B.

TURNING THE TAP ON

A MONKEY PUZZLE

A Little Knowledge is a
Dangerous Thing

DYING OF BEING TOO CLEVER

A very curious question has arisen concerning pets, an African monkey which had been made a pet in a Norwood house coming to a very sad end by turning on the tap of a gas oven when nobody was looking.

When the mistress of the house came back she found the monkey suffocated in a kitchen full of gas. It had died because it was too clever.

It had often seen its mistress turn on the tap when she was cooking, and perhaps in its monkey mind the turning of the tap was associated with pleasant smells of cooking and tit-bits. It therefore thought it would be a fine thing to set operations going. Alas! nothing is so misleading as sagacity on a false scent. The monkey had realised that there was something in turning the tap on, but had never grasped the idea of *turning the tap off*.

A little knowledge, or half-knowledge, is a very dangerous thing.

Blowing the Gas Out

It was not exactly a failure of intelligence. The idea of turning on a tap to get heat and light is so complicated, even in human experience, that when gas was first used intelligent people would sometimes try to blow the light out. Queen Victoria was afraid of it. The reasoning in those days was more sensible but just as wrong as that of the monkey, and perhaps the real cause of the monkey's sad mishap was that gas taps are too easily turned.

A Norwood veterinary surgeon says that in the last two years five animals he has known have come to grief by meddling with taps. A cat chasing a mouse turned the tap on. Two dogs playing together did the same thing, and nearly always it was a mere matter of good fortune that the deaths of the animals were not followed by a gas explosion. Evidently the taps are too easy to turn on, and we commend the idea to the gas companies, not only for the sake of our pets, but for the sake of our little human friends who have been known to do the same thing.

AN APPLE WITHOUT A SEED

Triumph of a Canadian Orchard

In this autumn, when English apples are scarce and the best of all (Cox's Orange Pippin) is scarcely to be bought, a triumphant message comes from Canada to say that in an apple orchard near Quebec a seedless apple has been successfully cultivated.

A seedless apple! What a boon it will be to the cook! Never again will she have to core it for the apple-pie. What a delight it will be to the schoolboy! He can set his teeth at the outer edge and go straight through without a pause.

There is a story of a small boy who was eating a melon all by himself and was watched by another boy, who at last humbly suggested that if there was nothing else left he might be given the seeds. The owner of the melon, still eating, is said to have replied, "There ain't going to be no seeds."

The same is true of the seedless apple, which ought far to surpass the seedless orange of California, a bulky fruit a little lacking in flavour. We must hope that the Canadian seedless apple will be as well-flavoured as the best, and if that hope comes true there are prosperous days ahead for Canada and pleasant ones for all of us.

PURE MAGIC

The Man Who Had No Need of Fraud

HOUDINI AND HIS WONDERFUL FEATS

Houdini, who has just died, used to call himself a magician, and thousands of people all over the world who had seen him get out of every kind of chain and padlock accepted this description of himself because no one could explain how he did it.

He would let people bind him with ropes, handcuff him, chain him in a box, or put a strait waistcoat on him in a prison cell; but he would always get out, leaving his bonds behind him. He has been chained in a box and flung into the sea; but he came up and out again.

His secrets were never told. Nobody knew how he did it, and so he was called a magician to the end. In a way he will always remain famous, for long after his feats are forgotten people will speak of as a Houdini one before whom locks, bolts, and bars fly asunder.

Every Lock and Key Mastered

Though he never told how he did the tricks, there was no secret about the way he had learned to do them. He had mastered better than anyone in the world the mechanism of every lock and every key; he knew how every knot was tied and how it could be untied. He trained himself to strength and endurance and perseverance. He had one job and he did it, better than anyone else could.

That is how fame is won, and Houdini never pretended that he had any magic beyond this. More than that, he knew so much about tricks and illusions that to the end of his life he delighted in exposing the frauds of mediums and spiritualists who pretended to perform magic feats. He could perform their tricks and improve on them, he could do it all far better than they, but his was the white magic of a man who was too clever to need the help of fraud.

NEWS FROM EVERYWHERE

A Ramsgate trawler caught thirty young sharks the other day.

The American Department of Agriculture estimates that there are over seven million dogs in the United States.

A Triumph for the Horse

Horse-drawn ploughs won victories over all kinds of mechanically-driven ones at an international ploughing match at Niagara Falls, Ontario, lately.

A Mysterious Fish

A fish weighing 800 pounds was washed aboard a liner in mid-Atlantic the other day. Resembling a sun-fish, it was taken to New York for classification.

Swallows in a Storm

A flock of swallows flew from a storm at Exmouth into a bedroom facing the front. Panic-stricken, many of them fell dead from exhaustion before they could find their way out.

Carrying on Luther Burbank's Work

The work of Luther Burbank is to be carried on by the Leland Stanford University. There are over 60,000 trees and plants in the Burbank gardens.

Prime Minister in a Lifeboat

A destroyer carrying the Prime Minister of New Zealand and his wife to the Isle of Wight was unable to get alongside the pier at Yarmouth in the gale, and a lifeboat was launched to carry them ashore.

Rats

The Canine Defence League appeals to those laying poison for rats to place it where dogs, cats, and birds cannot reach it, and to see that rats dead from poison should be placed out of reach of domestic animals.

Pronunciations in This Paper

Ariadne Ar-e-ad-nee
Dionysus Dy-o-ny-sus
Herodotus He-rod-o-tus
Phaedra Fee-drah

THE POLAR BEAR PICKS UP SOMETHING

We have always thought the goat headed the list of animals with an accommodating appetite:

The horny, hairy, smelly goat,
Who loves newspapers in his throat,

but a polar bear has beaten the goat in this respect, and has also carried off the prize for eating the most costly meal in a few minutes. He lives at the Scottish Zoo in Edinburgh.

The other day a lady was walking round and stopped at the bear pit, having till then loved bears. She leaned over the barrier watching the bears, and the bears walked about inside the barrier watching the lady, wondering whether it was any good hoping for buns. Evidently not.

An Expensive Meal

Then something suddenly dropped over the edge just into the pit. The polar bear was on it in a trice. Doubtless he thought it was another kind of bun. He chewed it thoughtfully and swallowed it, wondering, no doubt, what the fuss was about, and why the people round about were weeping and wailing and wringing their hands. He went into his corner and sat down, feeling a little uncomfortable because of the unusual nature of the bun, and hoping for a good digestion.

In the meantime the unfortunate lady was explaining that it was her handbag that had dropped, and she did not so much mind losing her handbag, but there was £70 in Treasury notes in it! Was it really too late to get them back?

Not So Nice as a Bun

The keeper looked at Bruin and was afraid it was. He was very sorry. And Bruin was sorry, because no amount of chewing of the bun had left that nice sweet taste in his mouth. He would much rather have had a penny bun. As for the poor lady, we imagine that she sat down and wrote these lines:

Don't talk to me of bears called polars,
They have no manners and such molars!
They never do discriminate
Between what should or not be ate.
If they find a bag dropped lightly
They never hand it back politely,
But, deaf to piteous sights and sounds,
They sit and chew up seventy pounds.

THE SWALLOWS WHO MISSED THE TRAIN

Out in the Snow

Some swallows seem to have overslept themselves this year and missed the first autumn bird-train for the Sunny South. Generally they can be seen in September seated in long rows, arranging about their passports and who shall do the "knocking up" on the morning of their departure.

It always seems lonely after they have gone, and there are no dainty, cheeky little mountebanks doing trapeze tricks on the telephone wires. The winter quiet settles on the fields, and you may hear Robin singing near the farm to remind himself that there is such a thing as jam for tea on Sundays, and odd cheerful things like that.

But this year a company of swallows have stayed for a later train—and, to oblige them, a few flies have stayed too. Evening after evening they were seen in Bedfordshire chasing each other. Then came an evening when any sensible swallow or fly would have stayed indoors, for Jack Frost was out with bags of snow, trying to put salt on a swallow's tail. He was very wasteful with the salt, spilling it all over the fields, so that the countryside was white that night, and we have not seen our dear swallow friends since. But as they can put on a pretty good speed we hope that, after all, they caught the last train south.

ONE MAN AND 100,000 CHILDREN

HOW HE GAVE HIS LIFE TO THEM

The Good Doctor Who Loved the Little Folk of East London

LEADING THEM TO HAPPINESS

On the mantelpiece in Arthur Mee's room at the C.N. office is a friendly reminder to friendly visitors that the Editor's time is not his own. It says: "My time belongs to a hundred thousand children."

This is the story of a man who gave ten years of his life to a hundred thousand children.

Although very few children know it, they have just lost a great friend. His name was Dr. Francis Warner, F.R.C.P., F.R.C.S., and he died in his eightieth year. But for him a large number of young people who are now useful, happy citizens might have found themselves on the road to a prison or an asylum.

The Result of His Work

Dr. Warner loved the poor children of East London, and worked for them with all his heart. The problem of mentally-defective children troubled him. Often the defect was so slight that it was not noticed, and so a child did not get the special treatment it should have had. Then the defect grew till it was past cure, and the child became an idiot or a criminal.

How could these very slight defects be discovered when they were still small enough to be rooted out? Dr. Warner set himself to discover that.

After long study and observation he was able to define 63 physical signs of defective brain development. In 1887 he described his researches to the Royal College of Surgeons. From 1888 to 1895 he examined a hundred thousand children, and the report on this work was published in the United States, where it created a great sensation.

An Act of Parliament

Dr. Warner also lectured before all the learned and scientific societies of England till at last the importance of his message was realised, and an Act was passed enabling the old London School Board to provide special schools for mentally-defective children.

This was an unspeakably great blessing for these children, and it was also a boon to the healthy children who had been kept back by such classmates and to teachers.

Besides this special work Dr. Warner was on the staff of the London Hospital for 40 years. There must be hundreds of people who owe their health, their sanity, and their freedom to this friend of East London children.

A FILM STUPIDITY

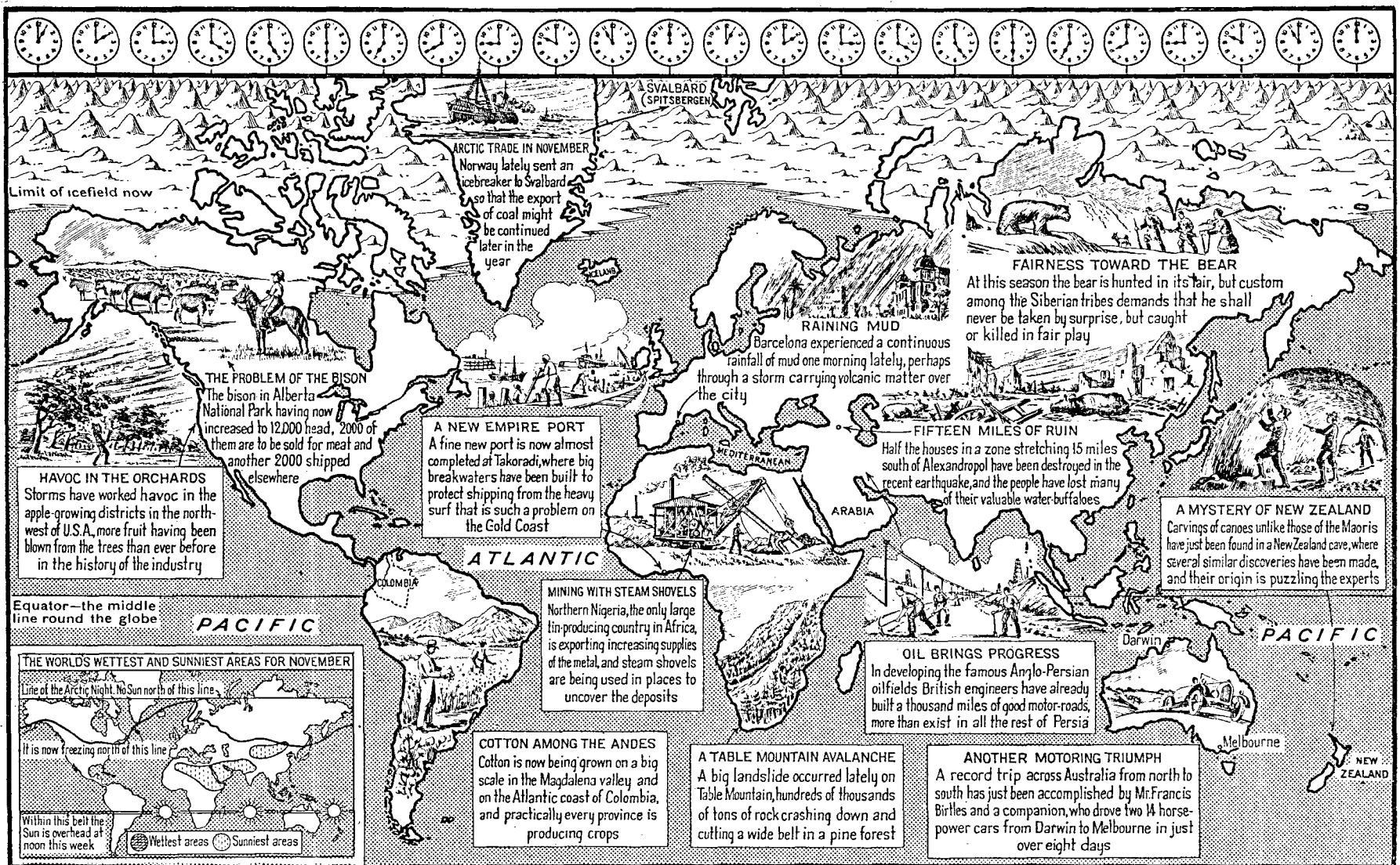
Playing at Battles

A cinema show of a naval battle sounds very exciting, but it is difficult to think it would prove very attractive.

There is a proposal to make a film of some of the naval battles of the war, but all that happened was that first British and then German ships were smashed to pieces by superior gun fire, without any hope of escape. It would not be a very pretty spectacle, and, as the brother of Admiral Cradock, killed at Coronel, points out, there was little glory about either victory.

Colonel Cradock would have the film forbidden because of the pain it would cause to surviving relatives, but a still stronger reason against it is its ugliness and its uselessness. It could teach us nothing in science or art, the staging of it all would be enormously expensive, and it would serve no sensible purpose that we can think of.

PICTURE-NEWS AND TIME MAP SHOWING EVENTS ALL OVER THE WORLD



ST. PAUL'S STILL SINKING A Question that Concerns the Nation

The work of saving St. Paul's has been going on now for over 18 months. Has its object been achieved?

Canon Alexander has been giving evidence before the Traffic Commission against the proposed St. Paul's Bridge. The bridge, he said, would be dangerous to the cathedral. Even within a week or two of his giving evidence there had been signs of movement. That is to say, St. Paul's was still sinking.

The C.N. does not believe that a bridge is needed at this spot, and it does not believe that anything should be done to put the cathedral in danger. But Canon Alexander's statement takes us farther than this. St. Paul's must by some means be stabilised, and filling the cracks in the pillars has not stabilised it. We must not merely mend the cracks, but prevent them. As the Architect's Journal grimly points out, "the patching operations may follow up the cracks for a certain time, but the last crack will open too quickly for the conscientious patcher to fill, even if he feels inclined to stay to fill it."

The foundations of St. Paul's should be made so secure that the cracking will cease, and that neither the making of a bridge nor any other digging can disturb it. What has the Government to say about it?

In the Auction Rooms

The following prices have lately been paid in the auction rooms for objects of interest.

| | |
|---------------------------------------|-----------------------|
| A painting by Henry Rousseau | £3500 |
| 16th-century Flemish tapestry | £399 |
| Mezzotint by Valentine Green | £335 |
| A sketch by Titian | £294 |
| A Queen Anne bookcase | £210 |
| A Charles II lacquer cabinet | £178 |
| Complete set of Cries of London | £170 |
| 10 panels German stained-glass | £100 |
| Official 5s. stamp of 1902 | £22 |
| A quantity of William and Mary silver | sold at £21 an ounce. |

A CAVE GIVES UP ITS SECRET The People Who Loved Ships

We used to think New Zealand belonged to the Maoris and that white people were intruders, but something has just been discovered which may mean that the Maoris are really intruders too.

Not long ago someone noticed some drawings in a cave in the Arapuni district. They were far back, where the sunlight could not reach, and they showed canoes with sails, some square and some triangular.

Now, the strange thing is that these canoes have a high curved prow quite unlike the Maori type. Another cave with drawings of the same sort has been discovered since.

It would seem that the artists lived long before the beginnings of history, even before the time when the ancient Maori race came to New Zealand. What happened to the older tribe? Were they swept away by invasion, or plague, or famine, or flood?

We know nothing about them except that they were like us in one thing—they loved ships.

See World Map

A COMPANY WITH 56 MILLIONS World's Biggest Chemists

Four great British companies of manufacturing chemists have entered a combine to meet foreign competition.

Messrs. Brunner, Mond, and Co., the Nobel Industries, the United Alkali Company, and the British Dyestuffs Corporation are all world-famous, mighty organisations, and now they join forces under the title Imperial Chemical Industries. They have a united capital of over 56 million pounds, with an income of four million pounds a year.

Among the great names on the new board of directors are those of Lord Reading, Lord Ashfield, Sir Alfred Mond, Sir John Brunner, and Sir Josiah Stamp.

C.N. KINEMA

The Working Toy With This Paper

With this issue of the C.N. a working kinema toy is given away free, and for the next two weeks new pictures will be given to work with the toy.

The C.N. Kinema consists of a frame which forms the screen, and a double-sided picture-sheet which forms the film. To make the toy work insert the picture in the frame under the screen, and pass it through slowly. The figures will move in a lifelike way.

In the picture of the Lord Mayor's carriage the horses and the men will be seen to walk, the Lord Mayor bows, and the wheels of his coach go round. On the other side of the sheet are two Boy Scouts with a Girl Guide, signalling with flags.

The pictures should be moved slowly and evenly or the full effect of movement will not be obtained.

Another interesting film will be issued free with next week's C.N.

INSECT ENEMIES OF THE EMPIRE

Something Must be Done

Empire food production has two great enemies, insects and weeds.

Mr. Tillyard, a New Zealand biologist, has been telling the Royal Society of Arts that ten per cent of the world's crops are lost every year through the depredations of insects, to say nothing of the injury they do to our forests.

Scarcely less serious in many parts of the British Empire are the encroachments of noxious weeds. We run the serious risk, says Mr. Tillyard, of being judged a race unfit to occupy these great areas, to the exclusion of other races, if we are going to allow them to go under in the grip of this second pest. Nothing less than an Empire-wide campaign will suffice to meet the danger, he says.

SLOWEST TAXI IN EIGHT CITIES

How the Civilised World Crawls About

We know that the traffic problem which is puzzling London is causing equal concern to the other great cities of the world.

Each proclaims that nowhere else is the congestion so great, and it has occurred to a German newspaper to test these rival claims to be the world's slowest city.

Its correspondents in eight European capitals have each been instructed to take two taxi drives of two miles and a half through the most congested part of their respective cities, one at noon and one at six in the evening.

The drive selected in London was from Charles Street, along Piccadilly, Oxford Street, and Holborn Viaduct to St. Paul's. The noon journey took 22 minutes and the evening journey 20 minutes, against 18 minutes and 15 minutes in Berlin. The quickest journeys were in Copenhagen, where they took 12 and 11 minutes.

Curiously enough, in all the other five capitals the evening journey took longer than at midday. Paris easily beat London, the journeys there taking 23 minutes and 27 minutes. But the slowest journey of all was in New York at six o'clock, which took 29 minutes, the noon journey taking only 18 minutes. The remaining capitals were Rome, 12 minutes and 14 minutes; Vienna, 10 minutes and 13 minutes; and Madrid, 18 minutes and 22 minutes. We have omitted the odd seconds.

London cabmen declare that the worst journey in London is from Marble Arch to Holborn Viaduct, which in the early or late afternoon takes half an hour, while at nine in the morning it is easily done in a quarter of an hour. The next worst journey is from Hyde Park Corner, by Piccadilly, the Haymarket, and the Strand to St. Paul's.

CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

NOVEMBER 20 1926

The Empty Pedestal in Trafalgar Square

IN Trafalgar Square stands an empty pedestal, ready for a statue. For years it has been waiting for a hero. As if we had not a thousand years of heroes!

Yet think a moment. There are many men and women of the day. There always have been, and what numbers of them did, and what they were, are commemorated in statues at which the passer-by looks once but hardly looks again. What we want for this empty pedestal is the man who will be famous not only today but tomorrow. That is the test of true greatness. Might it not be a good thing to find someone for this pedestal whom our grandchildren will admire? They will have to live with it after the old people have gone.

The statues of London, as we know them, do not help us much in this choice. We should not look for guidance among those statues which were much admired in Victorian days and are condemned today as ugly. Nor should we look among those marble effigies of unremembered dignitaries which some would remove from Westminster Abbey because they hide the beauty of the transepts. We would have some of these stay because they are a part of English history. But their names are not in our hearts.

It seems to us that the statues and memorials which hold their own best are not those of so-called conquerors, often not those whose lives attracted envy and admiration by their success. The memorials people seek out are oftenest those of men and women who brought mercy and pity and goodness into the world, and gave to it help and hope and a little happiness. They are the people whom we set on pedestals long after their day is done.

So it is not easy to fill our empty pedestal. Is there someone who is known all over the world, someone whose work is not warlike but has a peaceful penetration? Is there someone with a great idea passing all the boundaries of language and race and custom to sow itself like a seed in all lands? Is there anyone teaching a lesson of kindness and service for everyone to learn? Is there anyone who is devotedly admired by the next generation?

We English people are rather shy of telling a man we admire him to his face. We wait sometimes till he has passed beyond our praise or blame; and we are slow to recognise shining merit when it is out of the common rut.

But there is a living man who in his life and work answers to every one of our questions. Why should not ———— stand on the pedestal? Think it over. We shall give his name next week.



THE EDITOR'S TABLE

Fleetway House, Farringdon Street, London
above the hidden waters of the ancient River
Fleet, the cradle of the Journalism of the world



The Passer-By

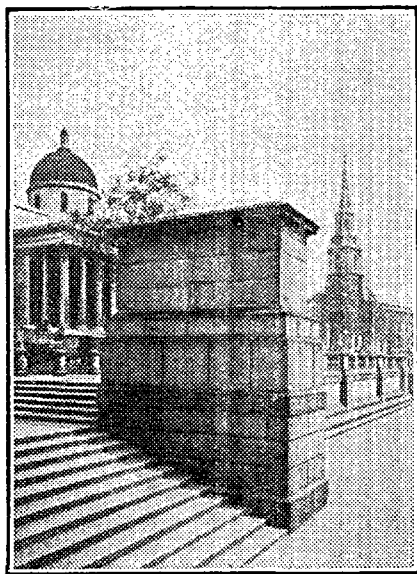
THERE is something of the old spirit left. Here is a tale of a passer-by.

The other day, just outside the C.N. office, a patch of asphalt had to be re-laid in a hurry. Two young labourers, whose hands were not hardened to heavy work, began with sledge and chisel breaking up the surface. But the sledge did not always strike true, and the man with the chisel got his hand badly jarred. Sometimes he held the chisel wrongly, and paid the penalty when the sledge knocked it flying. An older man, passing by, watched quietly for a few moments, and then came across and gave a useful lesson.

He took the chisel and showed the young men how to get the best results. At the first blow after his appearance four times as much of the surface was loosened as before he intervened, and the youngsters, taking turns with the sledge, found their work interesting and comparatively easy.

The lesson over, the older man walked off as quietly as he had approached, and the two younger workmen set about their job with confidence born of experience.

The Pedestal Waiting for a Hero



The C.N. has a hero for this Empty Pedestal in Trafalgar Square. See next column

Thank You, Mr. Kahn

IN despite of dire predictions in pre-war days, throughout the strain of an appalling war, beset with trials, tribulations, and problems since its close, England has stood foursquare to all the winds that blow, game to the core and bending resolutely to the task to be done; the truest of democracies, disciplined in the use of liberty, and tempering it by wise tradition and by self-restraint.

The advance of the pound sterling is an expression of the world's unquestioning confidence in her economic ways, her wisdom, and character, and of its estimate of what the future has in store for her.

Mr. Otto Kahn, the American who founded St. Dunstan's

The Rat and the Slum

THE Rat is said to cost us a million pounds a week—fifty million pounds a year.

Is there no genius who can kill the Rat and spend the money on getting rid of the Slum?

It is all a question of Brain and Will and Common Sense.

Tip-Cat

A NEW South American stamp is four inches square. A lick is as good as a lunch.

A MAN can live on water, it seems, for three weeks. If he had been a water-rate collector he could do it for years.

AN advertisement is headed: How to save money on tyres. Walk, we suppose.

THE driver of a motor-bus complains that he has a lot of donkey work. His engines evidently have no horse-power.

RUBBER can be made from potatoes. We have sometimes suspected that.

THE more millions a country has the better. For the millionaires, anyhow.

IF eggs were taken 40 miles above the Earth no stove would be needed to cook them. Only they wouldn't be back in time for breakfast.

A LECTURER wonders that no poet has written an ode to an oyster. Might have been a subject for Shelley.

SIR OLIVER LODGE says we have not yet reached a stable civilisation. Surely, with motors, we have got beyond that.

A LETTER from the Stone Age explains that it was frightfully difficult to cross the road ahead of the dinosaur in the rush hours.

The Miserable Pessimist

CONCERTS in England have no future; I have no future; nobody has any future. Sir Thomas Beecham
Why not take a pill? Peter Puck

An Address Wanted

By Peter Puck

I think I shall write to Tomorrow: "Your visit is long overdue, And half the world's sinning and sorrow Is caused while we're waiting for you. For folks will repay what they borrow, And children have vowed to be good, And things will be cheaper—Tomorrow (We heartily wish that they would)." So urgent it is that I'm willing To wire him a short S.O.S.; Tomorrow is well worth a shilling: But where shall I find his address?

Lost, a Little Lane

By Our Country Girl

The great new motoring roads are rapidly swallowing up the little country lanes.

A COUNTRY lane played truant once

Upon a summer's day;
A cuckoo called him from the hedge

And led him far astray.
They sauntered through the flowery fields,
And heathy hills they crossed,
Till sunset brought desire for home:

By then the lane was lost!

IN Burstow village far away
The lamps were lit again,
And folk came home from work and school,

But not the Burstow lane.
He longed to see the windows bright,

To smell the wood-fire smoke,
To hear the harness creak and ring
As weary teams unyoke.

So up and down and to and fro
The weary path did wend,
And like a kitten chased his tail,
But never found the end.

Now darkness crept across the moor,

The breezes moaned like ghosts,
And from a wood of gloomy trees
Came hideous elves in hosts.

The goblins howled, the goblins growled,

The timid lane took fright;
Through fog and bog and thorny woods

They chased him all the night.

WONDER where he stopped at last;
I wish the birds could tell;

We miss him in the primrose month,
And nutting time as well.

If you should meet a small lost lane
Near Babylon or Rome
Say Burstow children want him back,

And send our truant home.

A Cry from Columbia

There was a plaintive little letter the other day from one of our countrymen far from his Motherland. He lives out in Vancouver in that wonderful British Columbia, and this is what he wrote to The Times after hearing an Army Band which called at Vancouver.

I THINK my countrymen at home seldom or never consider that the Empire teems with multitudes of immigrants, whether rich or poor, whose heart has long been wedded to their birthplace in the British Isles.

They are cheerfully adapting themselves to their new surroundings, but deep down in the very core of their being is a groaning which cannot be uttered, a longing which will not away, an anguish which never grows less, as the years divide them from their own, their native land. Being British, it is customary not to admit these feelings, still less to wear them on the sleeve; but when a band like the Coldstream Guards, saturated with all the glory and romance of our native country, comes among us the pent-up feelings break all barriers and we become as little children again.

THE CROSS STANDS IN THE COLOSSEUM

MOST TERRIBLE BUILDING ON EARTH

The Slaughter-house of the Roman Empire

THE GLADIATOR'S FAREWELL

Made of wood from an olive tree which grew in the Garden of Gethsemane, the cross recently placed in the arena of the Colosseum, marking the site on which so many Christians were martyred, has attracted many pilgrims to Rome.

The impressiveness of this cross in such a setting cannot be exaggerated. The soil of the arena in which it has been placed is so mingled with the blood of Christian martyrs that Pope Gregory, who reformed the calendar, took handfuls of it and gave them, as the most sacred thing he had to offer, to a number of foreign ambassadors, and bade them bear the woeful treasure to the Christian sovereigns whom they served.

Built by Slaves

The Colosseum is a ruin, eighteen and a half centuries old, yet it remains by far the greatest building in the world. If figures may convey an image here are its dimensions: It covers six acres of ground, is four storeys high, 1641 feet in circumference, 287 feet long, 182 feet wide, and 157 feet high. It was said to hold 100,000 people, and clearly seated 50,000. It has 80 enormous entrances, each greater than a cathedral door, and we can still enter by the giant archway through which the gladiators passed.

The destruction of Jerusalem made the Colosseum possible. Titus carried 30,000 Jews captive to Rome, and they, during the years that followed, built this incomparable structure of stone, brick, and gleaming marble. Titus was beloved, yet, completing the work of his father Vespasian, he erected this enormous circus as a slaughter-house. For all its grandeur it was nothing else.

Boadicea had been but 18 years in the grave with the thousands of victims who fell in her wars; the terrible fighting in the Holy Land was over; the Roman citizen at home wanted to see blood flow without risk or injury to himself. So the Colosseum was erected to gratify his blood lust.

Caesar's Great Spectacle

Slaughter for sport was not a new diversion; Julius Caesar had once provided a spectacle of 600 gladiators in the arena; and Augustus found the demand so ardent that he finally decreed that *not more than 60 gladiators should fight at one time!* But with the advent of the Colosseum matters were conducted on an appalling scale, and the inaugural spectacles lasted three months, involving the destruction of 5000 animals and battles between 3000 gladiators.

The rise of Christianity in a savage, pagan age afforded limitless supplies of victims, men, women, and children; some destroyed in the arena by lions and tigers, some slain by the sword; but gladiatorial combats were the chief attraction. In these women voluntarily shared, and so did the vile Emperor Commodus.

A Gladiator's Promise

The oath which gladiators had to swear before the experts who trained them has been preserved. Here it is:

"We swear to obey our master, whether he orders us to allow ourselves to be burned to death, or to be put in chains, or to be stabbed, or killed by fire or otherwise."

And Caesar, as they entered the arena, used to say to them:

"Fight bravely and die gracefully."

Christianity alone banished these horrors, and on the spot where for over 400 years they were perpetrated the emblem of that conquering faith is raised. The Cross again dominates the most terrible building in the world.

THE BALL THAT TOOK A RIDE

WHILE the boys of the Woare Council School were at play Fate, like the god in the car, descended on them and put an end to the game.

Their football flew over the wall, and when they hurried to find it the only thing they saw was a fast-disappearing motor-car. The football had descended in its flight into the back part of the car, and, though they pursued it with loud shouts and pathetic entreaties, the car and the motorist sped breathlessly on. Yet perhaps not heartlessly.

But the resources of civilisation were not exhausted. The kindly news-editor of the Newport and Market Drayton Advertiser made a note of the sad occurrence, and put a paragraph

about it in his column of local news. It was the most important thing that had happened in Woare that week. The editor politely asked if the motorist would return the ball.

This motorist had been a boy himself. When he got to Market Drayton he was puzzled about the ball. He had not seen or heard it fall behind him, and how it had got into his car he could not imagine. But as soon as he saw the paragraph he quickly set matters right. He went to the Market Drayton police constable, the policeman got out his bicycle, and, thus escorted by the guardian of the peace, the ball was returned to Woare, and is now again being kicked gaily about the school-yard by its grateful owners.

GOING HOME TO DINNER



The Albert Suspension Bridge over the Thames at Chelsea is being repainted, and the painters use an exceptionally long ladder to climb up to their work. At dinner-time, however, they prefer to save time and trouble by sliding down a rope, as shown in this picture

THE ELECTRIC LADIES OF LONDON

THE wonderful art of shopkeeping has passed another stage.

In the famous Harrods windows in London there are beautiful electric ladies who move, and probably would be made to speak if there were a chance of our hearing them, and are so lifelike that we stare at them, blink, and rub our eyes. They recline at ease, turn round, or stand still. We are sorry to say that they puff a cigarette, and, behold, the smoke emerges from their lips!

We feel a little afraid now of going into the shop lest we might come upon another of these electric ladies bowing gracefully, and ask her what department for umbrellas. It would recall to us that terrible day no one in the family has allowed us to forget, when we went up to a policeman in Madame Tussaud's to ask the time.

Certainly it seems as if there will be no use for human beings soon. Young

gentlemen who keep ledgers in banks no longer have to count on their fingers under their desks; an adding machine does it for them. The obliging ladies who lived at the other end of our telephone are passing away, leaving us tiresome discs to play with. And now the pretty girls who used to walk about in the frocks our sisters would buy if they had any money are going to disappear too.

We cannot help feeling a little sad about it, because those real ladies used to give ladies a comforting smile as much as to say "This frock would look just as nice on you," and the electric ladies can never do that; we hope they never will. It would be horrible to find a mechanical thing smiling at us.

But as we are on the side of progress we must shout for our team and welcome the electric mannequins. It really is a marvellous world.

GOLD DISCOVERERS

TWO MEN AND WHAT HAPPENED TO THEM

A Discovery on One Continent Unlocks the Riches of Another THE TREASURE IN THE ROCKS

Over a hundred mining engineers listened the other night in the rooms of the Geological Society to a fascinating story of the goldfields.

The lecturer was Mr. T. W. Rickard, who mentioned that at twenty-three, when in charge of a British gold-mine, he had the exciting experience of picking out £3600 worth of gold in two hours with an iron candlestick.

Although the facts of the discovery of gold in California and New South Wales have been known for many years, Mr. Rickard is probably the first man to supply a consistent narrative on a matter about which much false information is published.

The Bright Flakes on the Stones

In the middle of the last century a man named Marshall was building a saw-mill in California. When the saw-mill had been built he found that the tail-race (the channel in which the water runs from the mill after driving the wheel) was not big enough, so he opened the water-gate to allow the full stream to run all night. The next morning he noticed some bright flakes of mineral lying on the flat stones.

One of two things they must be, either pyrites or gold.

Marshall took up the largest flake and bit it; then he pounded it on a rock, and found that it could be shaped and extended by beating, as gold can. Then he went off to find the cook and got her to boil the largest flake. It was taken from the kettle not discoloured, still just like gold. Then the nitric acid test was applied, and the mineral was found to be gold 23 carat fine. Pure gold is 24 carat.

The Rush to the Goldfields

After this discovery adventurers from all lands flocked to California. In that year gold worth £2,000,000 was won, and from that day to this the value of the gold got from California has amounted to £360,000,000.

Among those who rushed to California on hearing of the gold was an Australian squatter named Hargraves. He was a trained geologist, and, looking at the diggings, he noticed that at the places where the gold had been found the structure of the rocks was very much the same as in his own country of New South Wales. Back he went to Sydney, and set out on his horse to prospect in the Blue Mountains. He rode along the creeks until he found a slaty layer of rock crossing the creek at right angles.

A Bucketful of Earth

Here with a trowel he took a bucketful of earth, which he washed in a waterhole. Sure enough, the first handful produced a little piece of gleaming gold.

That was the first gold dug up in New South Wales. Thither went the gold-hunters. Sailors left their ships, clerks jumped down from their office stools, men shouldered their blankets and trudged through the bush; and from that day to this New South Wales and Victoria together have produced gold worth £365,000,000.

If we just take the results of the two discoveries in California and New South Wales, one due to a happy accident and the other to an acute piece of observation, we shall find that the gold which has been won, if it were all minted in sovereigns, would provide sixteen of those shining pieces for every man, woman, and child in the British Isles.

What happened to the two discoverers? Marshall died a poor and disappointed man, his saw-mill ruined by the disorganisation which followed the gold-rush. Hargraves was given ten thousand pounds by the Government of New South Wales, and lived in comfort.

THE WONDERFUL ROUNABOUT

A GREAT IDEA FROM
WESTMINSTER

A Magic Circle of Traffic
Round the Thames

BOLD SCHEME OF SIR
JOHN HUNT

The boldest scheme yet put forward for relieving Central London's traffic has been laid before the Traffic Commission by Sir John Hunt, Town Clerk of Westminster.

Charing Cross and Cannon Street railway stations, with their bridges across the Thames, are connected on the south side of the river by a continuous railway viaduct. The proposal is that this track should be surrendered by the railway companies and turned into a road for traffic, making a great sweeping by-pass for the traffic now struggling along the Strand, Fleet Street, Ludgate Hill, and Cannon Street.

New Underground Railway

It is suggested that the railway companies should have instead an underground loop-line below the present track, connecting both Charing Cross and Cannon Street with Waterloo and London Bridge stations, and completing the circuit by a continuation between Charing Cross and Cannon Street on the north side of the river, with stations at short intervals.

This, it is contended, would be an immense gain to the Southern Railway and its patrons, enabling it to take up and set down passengers all over Central London in connection with its main lines from Waterloo and London Bridge. In course of time this loop-line could be linked up also with the northern railways.

Road with No Cross-Traffic

But the fascinating thing about the scheme is the fine new roadway high above congested South London, substituting for the long, slow struggle along London's main artery a quick, unimpeded run without cross-traffic, accomplishing in a few minutes what now takes anything up to an hour.

Sir John Hunt's suggestion is that this by-pass road should be reserved for special classes of both-ways traffic, at any rate during the hours of congestion. But there is an alternative suggestion that with the Strand and Cannon Street it should be made into one huge merry-go-round, with east-bound traffic on one side of the river and west-bound traffic on the other. What a merry-go-round it would be, up and down and round about Old Father Thames, the river lying like a great lake within the magic circle!

Finest Site in the Empire

What an opportunity for transforming the south side of the river, making Charing Cross worthy of the finest site in the Empire, and solving the great traffic problem by one stroke! All who love London will be grateful to Sir John Hunt for his bold and impressive idea.

It is suggested that the existing hotels and railway stations should remain, the stations being used as omnibus termini and parking places for cars. For a time the existing bridges, converted to road traffic, could remain also, giving place when times improved to less unsightly structures. To all of which we can only say May the better times come soon!

Last Month's Weather

| LONDON | RAINFALL |
|--------------------------|-------------------------|
| Hours of sun . . . 88 | Aberdeen . . 5.23 ins. |
| Total rainfall 2.04 ins. | Falmouth . . 3.50 ins. |
| Days with rain . . 15 | Dublin . . . 3.06 ins. |
| Dry days 16 | Southampton 3.03 ins. |
| Warmest day . . . 4th | Liverpool . . 2.87 ins. |
| Coldest day . . . 28th | Gorleston . . 2.33 ins. |

THE WAY TO BE HAPPY TOGETHER A Cure for Bolshevism and Hate

A reader in Hungary sends us an example which has just been recalled of the best cure for Bolshevism.

Hungary has still reason to remember how the Bolshevik fever took possession of the reckless section of the Hungarian populace a few years ago. For a time brute force reigned there. Owners of estates were ejected from their properties over a wide area, and their lands, houses, and belongings were seized on behalf of what the Bolsheviks like to call the proletariat—which meant in this case the mob bent on loot.

But robbery did not inundate the whole countryside. On one small estate about 30 families had lived and worked in friendliness and mutual trust, and when the Bolshevik reign began the peasants on this estate took into their own hands the defence of their employers. Not only did they refuse to join in the campaign of wholesale robbery, they armed themselves to resist any Bolshevik intrusion. They patrolled the estate, and kept guard every night.

Perceiving that they would have to fight for whatever they tried to take, the marauders sheered off, and during the whole time of Bolshevik predominance peace, safety, and goodwill prevailed on the estate, and has continued since. A lifetime of just dealing has had its fair reward.

SNAPS WE LIKE

Passing down a village street with her camera on a Thursday morning, a kindly reader of the C.N. saw six boys who had just got their C.N.s seated on a wall taking a first glimpse at them, a lassie standing near with an expectant



Snap Number One



Snap Number Two

air. Before the boys were aware our friend had snapped them. Then she was seen, and when she tried a second time they had lined up with a precision we should expect in C.N. boys. Here are the snaps.

SCIENCE IN THE GUTTER

In some parts of America very clever machines are in use to pick up metal refuse from the roads, so that motor-car punctures will be reduced.

The machines are 25 feet wide and carry along 24 electro-magnets just above the surface of the road. In this way nails, bolts, scrap-iron, and other pieces of metal are picked up.

EVERYBODY'S MOTHER

By a C.N. Traveller

The dining-room was full of people, all talking at once, it seemed. And it is astonishing how much noise 18 people sitting round one huge table can make. Everybody's Mother (I hadn't given her that title then) was sitting down at the bottom of the table. She had the air of someone who had seen a great deal and could be surprised at nothing; was pleased if her *déjeuner* was nice, but not grieved if everything, for once, was poor.

She scarcely troubled to look at people twice. I, being undeniably English, was put in my niche. She recognised at sight commercial travellers, French people on a holiday, farmers and their wives—the *nouveaux riches* of France.

The Little Wad of Knitting

Then she settled to her meal with an air of seeing and hearing nothing, completely self-contained. I put her down in my mind as the most accomplished traveller in the hall, too bored to talk to anybody: for all travellers in France, unless they are adroitly switched off, discuss incessantly two subjects—hotels, with the meals and the prices thereof, and motor-cars.

I had the good fortune to sit next to this quiet elderly woman at dinner, and we got into conversation. This traveller excited my curiosity, and I was determined, within the bounds of politeness, to make her talk. There was a little wad of knitting beside her plate. To set the ball rolling I asked her what she was making. She unrolled a tiny baby's vest, about a foot square. I guessed that it was for a grandchild, but did not like to risk the personal question. She caught my look, and at once understood.

Arabs of the Slums

"It is for my poor little ones," she explained, with a sudden smile that lighted up her composed face like a grim door opening unexpectedly on a sunny garden. I wondered if she meant here, in Beaune, where one can scarcely imagine poor people, a leisurely, tranquil town, steeped in the sunshine of the great plain of Burgundy.

Presently I hazarded another question, and it appeared that Madame lived in Algeria and her home was the French capital, Constantine. Her little ones were either French or Arabs of the slums.

"There are always a lot of poor," she explained diffidently, as if apologising.

"There are," I agreed. And I told her of dear Mary Hughes in the slums of Whitechapel, who was helping the mothers of little white babies as Madame was helping the mothers of the dusky Arab mites. I told her about the little converted inn, and Mary Hughes turning out her toy cupboard while we talked.

They Need Love

The French lady in turn told me of herself. I gathered that she was the wife of a prominent official; her girls were married. Years ago she had begun to fill up her spare time working for the poor babies of Algeria, and now it was her chief happiness. She was in France on a business journey, but did not forget her poor.

We parted knowing that in all likelihood we should never meet again, but she left me, as the Americans say, "feeling good." I thought of her return to Constantine and her journey down the hot, arid slums she had described, and the Arab and French children to whom she was a great mother.

"For, whether they are white or black, they need love," she said.

A PORCUPINE IN DISGRACE

Force and Fury at the Zoo
TOOTH AND NAIL IN ANIMAL
WARFARE

By Our Natural Historian

A long-tailed porcupine at the Zoo, a bachelor, has provided a double surprise for his watchful keepers.

Until the other day he shared the cage already occupied by a pair of porcupines of the same kind as himself, but he has been banished to solitary confinement for having attempted murder, and on suspicion of having actually committed that crime at an earlier stage.

The other porcupines became the parents of a baby porcupine some months ago, and when this came to an untimely end the bachelor was suspected. Nothing could be proved, as bereaved porcupine parents cannot give evidence intelligible to their human friends; but when another baby porcupine recently came to cheer the couple the suspect was watched, with startling results.

Caught in the Act

The savage bachelor was caught in the act of "worrying" the hapless infant. The only method of porcupine attack known to science has been the backward rush of the animal, a charge intended to drive home the creature's prickles into the flesh of the assailant. But here the miscreant was biting and shaking the little one as a dog bites and shakes a rat.

Fortunately the outrage was detected early enough to permit of the little innocent's rescue and the ejection of the culprit. The feat was not achieved without discomfort by the keeper, for, whereas the parents had been endeavouring to save their offspring from the enemy, they now made common cause with him, and all three charged backward at their human friend.

Teeth in War

The incident serves to remind us that teeth play a much greater part in animal warfare than is commonly recognised. Of course all the flesh-eaters fight with their teeth, aided by claws in the great cat tribe; but elephants, hippos, deer, all the horse group, as well as camels and their llama kindred, bite with terrible effect when engaged in strife.

We think of elephants and deer as battling only with tusks and horns, of horses as merely kicking, of rabbits and hares as battling with their sharp-clawed feet, but elephants make appalling wounds with their teeth; deer lacerate one another with theirs, rabbits rip and tear with their ivory-like chisels as swine tear with their tusks, and the man-like apes and the monkeys bite with force and fury.

Among the dogs and their cousins teeth are, of course, not only tools but weapons, and their use is reduced to something like a science. E. A. B.

PLEASE SEND A BOOK

Opportunities for self-education are none too plentiful in Whitechapel, and it is good to hear of the success of the Jewish Free Reading Room.

The room has over 50,000 readers, an increase of 5000 on the previous year. There are talks to boys and girls every Friday evening, and a Young People's Circle meets on Sundays.

There are still not enough good books for young readers, and friends are asked to send more. It is interesting to note that the only non-Jewish periodicals subscribed for by the society are the C.N. and the Manchester Guardian.

November 20, 1926

The Children's Newspaper

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LISTENING TO THE SINNERS

A Stranger Calls at the Police Court

One day a handsome but rather oddly-dressed gentleman arrived at the old Hatton Garden Police Court.

He sat down and listened to the stories which one miserable sinner after another told to the magistrate. Sometimes his eyes blazed with indignation and sometimes they seemed bright with tears. He looked as absorbed as if each prisoner had been his own kinsman.

All at once a young reporter realised who the spectator was. Turning to a fellow-worker he whispered *Charles Dickens!* Later, when *Oliver Twist* appeared, the reporter knew why the great novelist had come to study the prisoners at Hatton Garden Police Court. Bill Sikes and Fagin were drawn from life.

It all seems very long ago, but the link is only just broken. For the young reporter was Mr. Robert Radford, who died in a nursing-home the other day. He was 72, and had been a reporting journalist for more than fifty years.

JOHN BROWN OF AUSTRALIA

A Continent's Biggest Taxpayer

On the eve of his eightieth birthday Mr. John Brown, of Australia, has come to England on one of his interesting little shopping expeditions.

He is said to be the richest man on the continent. On his last visit he spent a million pounds, his purchases including some steamers, electric running plant, motor-cars, and pedigree horses.

Mr. Brown pays more in taxation and royalties to the Australian Governments than any other man in the Commonwealth; but much would have more, and some years ago a Government Railway Commissioner told him the charges for coal railway haulage would be increased. Mr. Brown said he would not pay more, and he did not. Indeed, he soon paid only a fraction of the former bill, for from each of his collieries (some of the finest in the world) he built a private railway to the sea, where he loaded his coal from his own trains on to his own ships, which took it round to his customers by sea.

IN TOUCH ACROSS THE WORLD

A Ship Does a New Thing

A new world record has been made in wireless telegraphy.

The Australian Commonwealth liner *Jervis Bay* remained in touch with the Sydney wireless station throughout her 12,000 mile voyage to Plymouth. Every night of the voyage she reported her progress to Sydney and received acknowledgment. This had never been done before.

There was only one bad night, just before Gibraltar, when it was feared that communication was giving out, but the next night was as good as ever.

The power used on the steamer was little more than that consumed by an ordinary electric lamp!

THERE WAS A GOOD COW IN QUEBEC

A Canadian Ayrshire cow, during an official test lasting 306 days, has broken the world's record by producing 21,241 pounds of milk and 909 of butter fat, exceeding the previous record by 2975 pounds of milk and 170 of butter fat.

During a test period lasting 365 days the same cow produced 23,223 pounds of milk and 1093 of butter fat, which is also a world's record for butter fat production of Ayrshires.

A GREAT SCHOLAR'S PICTURE OF PAUL

Perhaps a notice of a very good book never comes too late. We do not apologise, therefore, for this late notice of a great scholar's picture of Paul, the boy of Tarsus who saved Christianity from becoming a sectarian creed, and established it as the basis of the Brotherhood of Man and the salvation of the race.

Dr. T. R. Glover's book on Paul of Tarsus is one of the best of all the books on the great figures of the Bible. We see Paul as a boy in a Greek city, and picture him standing on the banks of the River Cydnus, along which Cleopatra's barge had sailed to meet Mark Antony not very many years before.

Paul was a Jewish boy, but he was also a citizen of Rome, "born free," as he tells us; and he spent his early years in a city where learned men taught the wisdom of Greece. As a Jewish boy he would not be encouraged to make friends with Greeks, nor would he be allowed to run in the races or take his place in the gymnasium near the river. But a Jewish boy, especially a boy like Paul, would keep his eyes open, and wonder sometimes why he could not enter for the races.

At least he would watch them; we can be sure of this from his own words, for in a letter he told his friends that, like the runners in the stadium, in the race of life they must "run to win"; and he shows quite clearly that he had some knowledge of athletics. Perhaps some old schoolfellows who knew him as a boy in Tarsus would smile when they heard such words; and say "It's just like him! He was always like that!"

A Man of the City

They lived out of doors a great deal in that ancient Greek world; and the boy would learn from what the city taught him. There were scholars about and poets; there were plays acted, and Tarsus had playwrights of its own. Paul would speak the Jewish language at home and hear it read in the Synagogue, to which he went every seventh day, but in the streets, and with other boys, he talked the homely Greek which was spoken everywhere.

Paul was by birth and training not a countryman, but a man of the city, and he was proud of his city. We can tell from his writings that he had lived his days among cities.

The Big World About Him

There were many slaves in Tarsus; and in their faces the boy Paul would learn how cruel men could be one to another. He saw the slave branded on the brow; he saw the soldiers and heard their trumpets ring out in the morning. Life in Tarsus, even for a Jewish boy strictly brought up, must have been full of colour, life, and adventure.

Early in life he began to learn his trade, for all Jews were taught a trade. He became a tentmaker. There were many workers in sail-cloth at Tarsus, and it is easy to see how the son of a Jewish citizen would be taught this trade. It proved useful to him afterwards. Wherever he went he had no need to be an expense to anybody; he earned his own living.

Up to Jerusalem

But the time came for him to leave Tarsus and to go to the city of his fathers, Jerusalem. There for a time his old friends in Tarsus lost sight of him. Those who were boys with him heard rumours that he was a very keen Jew and was likely to become one of their leading teachers, and they said "We shall see no more of him."

Then, after some years, he came back to his early home. A change had come over him. He had no longer any fear of being friends with those who were not of his own race. "His early friendships were right after all," says Dr. Glover; those who were Jews and those who were not were meant to come into one new society. So the man came back again to the land where he had spent his boyhood with a secret to share with all his old fellow-citizens—Greeks or barbarians, what did it matter?

ONE DAY THIS WEEK IN HISTORY

The Donkey Boy Who Found Fame

On November 25, 1844, died Sir Francis Chantrey, R.A.

His sculptures are among the glories of his country, and the great gallery of pictures and statues that he founded for the nation is among the noblest treasures in the realms of British art. Yet Chantrey was just a donkey-boy, a struggling lad between whose life and ours a century has rolled away. The story of his rise to be the friend of scholars and kings is a great chapter in the history of poor boys, and Yorkshire and England may well be proud of him.

When he died he left the bulk of his fortune to his wife, with the provision that after her death it should form a fund for the promotion of British painting and sculpture. By his bequest Sir Francis Chantrey made himself one of the greatest benefactors British art has known. It was expected that he would be buried in Westminster Abbey, but he left instructions for his burial in his native village, and there he lies in the same grave as the father and mother he loved so well.

FROM MY MAGAZINE

C.N. QUESTION BOX

All questions must be asked on postcards: one question on each card, with name and address. The Editor regrets that it is not possible to answer all the questions sent in.

How Long is the Martian Day?

Mars rotates on its axis in 24 hours 37 minutes 22 seconds, so that its day is only slightly longer than the Earth's. Light and darkness alternate as here.

Is it Unusual to Find Primroses Blooming in October?

The usual time of flowering is spring, but some plants with scanty blossoms may be found throughout the winter.

What is a Cloudburst?

This is a term used for very heavy thunder-rain, which is probably due to the sudden cessation of the upward current of air, when the raindrops and hailstones that were supported by it fall very quickly.

Who Were the Daughters of Minos, King of Crete?

Ariadne, who according to some accounts was killed by Artemis in Naxos, and to others married Dionysus; and Phaedra, the wife of Theseus, who destroyed herself.

Has London a Larger Population than Australia?

Greater London's population at the 1921 census, the last authentic figures, was 7,476,168, and Australia's in the same year 5,496,794. The latest estimated figures are London 7,665,883, Australia 5,929,288.

What is Lubber's Point?

A black vertical line or mark in the compass-bowl in the direction of a ship's head, by which the angle between the magnetic meridian and the ship's line of course is shown. The name means that it makes navigation easy to a land-lubber or to one who is a novice.

Why do University Graduates Wear Gowns?

Academic dress is believed to be a survival from very early days, when most of the students and practically all the officials at universities were priests or monks, and wore clerical dress. The various gowns have come down to us with modifications from clerical garments.

What is the Moon?

One of the members of the Solar System, a satellite, or attendant, of the Earth. Many scientists think that when in the plastic state a piece of the Earth from the place where the Pacific Ocean is now off and then circled round the Earth, accompanying it in its journey round and round the Sun.

What is Jade and is it of Value?

Jade is the name given to two minerals, jadeite and nephrite, generally green in colour, though sometimes white. Nephrite is a silicate of calcium and magnesium, often with a little iron, and jadeite is a silicate of sodium and aluminium. Both are valuable. A jade necklace may cost £20 or more. The Chinese are fond of carving jade.

TRAIL OF A LOST COMET

ANDROMEDA METEORS

Giant Star with an Atmosphere of White Hot Gas

ORANGE AND BLUE SUNS

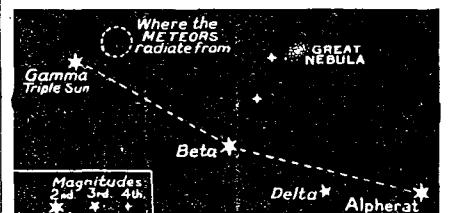
By the C.N. Astronomer

The famous constellation of Andromeda is now due south and almost overhead between 8 and 9 o'clock p.m.

Andromeda is famous chiefly on account of its great and magnificent nebula, and also because at this time of the year our Earth passes very close to the path of the meteor stream which appears to radiate from it.

This meteor stream has taken the place of the long lost Biela's comet, which has never been seen since 1852. So every year, during the latter half of November, there is always the possibility of seeing some of these fragments of Biela's comet enter our atmosphere, ignite, and produce the familiar spectacle of a so-called shooting star.

Unfortunately conditions are not favourable this year, owing to the presence of moonlight. The nights from



Where to look for the Andromeda meteors

November 19 to November 23 are the most likely, the meteors radiating from the region shown on the star map.

The stars of Andromeda will be easily identified as the three most striking luminaries, Alpherat, Beta, and Gamma, are all of second magnitude and arranged almost equidistant and nearly in a straight line. This extends from the upper left-hand corner of the Great Square of Pegasus, which was described in the C.N. for September 25.

Alpherat, also known as Alpha in Andromeda, is one of the corner stars of the Square; it is not, however, in Pegasus. An immense sun of the Sirian, or A, type, Alpherat is enveloped in a vast tempestuous atmosphere of fire mist, composed chiefly of flaming hydrogen at a white heat, with a temperature of some 10,000 degrees Centigrade. As Alpherat radiates nearly 200 times the light of our Sun it must be very much larger, even after allowing for its greater intrinsic brilliance. Alpherat is about 7,366,000 times as far away as our Sun, its light taking about 116 years to reach us.

Beta in Andromeda is much nearer, spectroscopic calculations indicating a distance of 78 light-years. This star, unlike Alpherat, is a reddish sun at a much lower surface temperature of about 3000 degrees Centigrade.

Suns in Flaming Hydrogen

Gamma is the wonder star of Andromeda; of colossal dimensions and at a distance of about 350 light-years, this glittering gem is seen, in even a small telescope, to be composed of two suns. The larger, orange-tinted one is a giant sun of the K class, with a surface temperature of some 1200 degrees Centigrade.

Around this colossal sphere of whirling, flaming gases circles what appears to us a smaller star of bluish tint. This star is composed of two immense white-hot furnaces, much hotter than the larger sun and twice as hot as our own, at a surface temperature which is estimated at 11,000 degrees Centigrade.

These suns, enveloped in flaming hydrogen, calcium, and other fiery vapours at a white heat, revolve round some central point between them once in every 55 years; so this triple-sun system is in a much earlier state of evolution than our Solar system. G. F. M.

Other Worlds. In the evening Jupiter south-west, Uranus south, Mars south-east.

S.O.S.

What Has Happened Before

Jim Selby receives a wireless call for help from the explorer Upton in Central Brazil. He begs Jim to get into touch with Professor Thorold.

Jim and his friend Sam Lusty at once get to work, but soon find that they are going to have trouble with Stephen Gadsden.

He locks them up in his house; but the boys manage to get out.

CHAPTER 20

Jim's Turn

SAM pointed to a stunted broom bush which sprouted from a crevice in the cliff about five feet away.

"See that bush?" he said. "If I can get a grip on that I can get my feet on that bit of rock sticking out just below. There's another point of rock juts out a bit farther on and one big stride will reach it, and from that it ought to be easy to get to a broad ledge beyond. Take a good look at it, Jim. You want to know just where to put your hands."

"I'd want a magnifying glass to see the places," replied Jim, with a poor attempt at a smile. "But you go ahead, Sam, and I'll follow."

Sam reached out, caught hold of a ledge so narrow that it gave him finger grip and no more, then swung slowly outward, and with his right hand got a good grip of the bush. He pulled hard on it, but it held. Then he let go with his left, and Jim gasped as he saw his chum dangling in mid-air, with only the broom stem between him and destruction.

Quite calmly Sam stuck out his right leg and felt about until he got his foot on the projecting knob of rock, then, pressing his body close to the cliff face, balanced himself and let go of the bush.

"All right, Jim," he said. "It ain't so bad as it looks. You can come along now."

Jim was scared, and knew it. But he was not going to be beaten, and anyhow there was no way up again. He took one deep breath and started. He got to the broom bush and, letting go with his left hand, found himself dangling just as Sam had dangled a moment earlier. But with a difference, for he could not find the knob of rock below. And then suddenly he heard a slight cracking sound just above him.

"Sam," he cried sharply, "the bush is breaking!"

The roots were being pulled out; he felt that the whole thing was slowly giving way, and knew that the next minute he might drop from the height of a four-storey house into the sea. And still he could not find the knob of rock.

"Hang on!" came Sam's quiet voice, and suddenly Jim felt his ankle grasped and his foot placed on solid rock. "Lean hard against the cliff," continued Sam, and just as Jim's weight came against the cliff face the last roots of the tough broom plant were torn loose.

For a moment Jim could not move. He could hardly breathe. Then he heard Sam speak again. "There's good hand-hold just to your right. Get a grip and give me a pull."

Jim got the grip and looked down, to see Sam sprawled across the cliff face, clinging with his right hand to a little projection. He had had to come back from his safe perch beyond to help Jim. His danger made Jim forget his own, and, leaning down, he got firm hold of Sam and held him till he could find foothold. A minute later the two were both safe on the broad ledge beyond.

"Thanks, Sam," said Jim, drawing a long breath. He pointed to the sea below. "I'd have been down there if you hadn't grabbed me."

"A nasty place," was all Sam said. "It's better now."

He started down the ledge, and Jim followed. Though the going was very difficult, it was nothing

The Wireless Mystery

By T. C. Bridges

to what they had already crossed, and they went on at a good rate until they reached a point eight or ten feet above the water. There the ledge broadened and ended abruptly. Sam looked down into the swells that heaved slowly against the base of the cliff.

"Up against it again, Jim, and climbing won't help us this time."

"No, but swimming will," replied Jim. "And this time it's my turn."

"You're not going down into them waves!" said Sam sharply.

"They won't hurt me," declared Jim, stripping off his coat. "I mean it, Sam. I promise you I shall be all right. You stay here and I'll bring the boat." He waited for a swell to rise, then, when it was at its full height, jumped with all his might.

CHAPTER 21

Sam's Second Start

SAM, leaning forward, watched Jim disappear into the heart of the great green swell. Ten seconds passed, seeming like ten minutes, then up bobbed Jim's head yards from the cliff, and Sam saw him set to swimming strongly. If Sam were the stronger of the two on the rocks, Jim was much the better in the water, and with the tide helping him he went rapidly toward the bathing beach. Sam sighed with relief as he saw Jim scramble out on to the shingle and make for a dinghy which was drawn up on the beach.

Another few minutes, and Jim was back beneath the ledge. "You'll have to jump, Sam," he said.

Sam hesitated.

"I'm scared stiff," he confessed.

"You can't be as scared as I was up there," replied Jim. "Chuck me my boots first, then jump. I'll get hold of you as you come up."

"Don't believe I'll ever come up," groaned Sam, and then he made a huge jump, landing in the sea with a most terrific splash. He came up puffing and blowing, and Jim had him in a moment and helped him aboard; then sprang to the oars and pulled like mad to keep the boat off the cliff.

Sam rubbed the salt water from his eyes and looked up at the cliff. "I wonder if they know we're gone yet," he said.

"It doesn't make much odds," replied Jim. "They can't get us again now."

The boat grounded on the beach and Jim jumped out. It had stopped raining and the sun was breaking through.

"What do we do now?" asked Sam.

"Change. Then one of us has to get to a telephone, and be jolly quick about it."

"You'd better go this time, Jim," said Sam, rather humbly; but Jim clapped him on the back.

"Not a bit of it, old chap. You go ahead. I'm jolly sure you won't let Gadsden trick you again."

"Likely he'll be watching the road," said Sam.

Jim thought a little.

"Then I'll tell you what to do. Take the bus to Bude. He can't interfere with that."

"That's a good notion," agreed Sam. "And you had better watch that wireless of yours. They'll mess that up for you if they get a chance."

"I'll be precious careful they don't get a chance. Hullo! There's your Aunt Sarah. I wonder—"

He stopped short as he remembered what Gadsden had said about Mrs. Trant.

"She looks scared-like," said Sam, in a puzzled tone.

Sam was right, for there was a very odd expression on Mrs. Trant's sour face as she stood at the back door watching the two dripping boys come up the slope. She began to bluster.

"Where've you been to, I'd like to know. Out half the night and coming home like this. Pretty goings on, I do think."

"We've been busy, Mrs. Trant," said Jim curtly. "Now we are going to change."

"Ay, and now I've got to dry all these wet things," she exclaimed bitterly. "I do all the work while you two run round and amuse yourselves."

Jim looked at her very straight. "Yes, we have had a very amusing time this morning," he said, and to his surprise the woman's face went dull red, and, turning right round, she walked back into the house without another word.

It was pleasant to strip, have a good rub down, and get into dry things. While they changed they talked, and Jim told Sam of Gadsden's offer of the job as wireless operator for the trip.

Sam's eyes widened.

"Offered you that, did he? Well, of all the cheek I ever heard!"

He pulled on his coat in a hurry. "I must get along. It's ten to twelve, and the bus comes through sharp at twelve. About all I'll do to catch it."

"Have you any money, Sam?" asked Jim.

"Ay, they didn't take that from me. And I've got the message too. I'll cut along, and you stay and watch your wireless."

"When will you be back?"

"Can't say. Likely I'll have to wait some time, for the Professor may be out."

"Yes, he may," said Jim. "Well, if you miss the last bus you'd better take a car."

Sam stared.

"Me hire a motor-car! Why, it would cost a quid."

"Here's the money. Do as I say. I may need you before morning."

Sam hurried off looking rather dazed, and Jim went into the wireless room to see that all was right. He was relieved to find that nothing had been interfered with, but just to be on the safe side he did not try to do any sending, for he felt it was as well to take no risks. Presently Mrs. Trant called him to his dinner, and he went into the house.

When he had finished his food he took the dishes to the scullery and washed them, then went back to his wireless room. He had more than a notion that Sam was right, and that when Gadsden found he had escaped he would do his best to stop him from sending any message to Alan Upton.

It was dull work hanging about, and after a while he slipped out and went across to a point of high ground near the edge of his own land, a spot from which he could keep watch on his wireless shed and at the same time see if anyone were coming from the direction of Gadsden's place. After about an hour he heard the honk of a horn and saw a car come out of Gadsden's

gate and turn north. There were two people in it, one of whom was Gadsden, while the other seemed to be Harth. Jim sighed with relief. If they were out of the way he was not afraid of Sneed.

CHAPTER 22

Gadsden Tries Again

IT was past seven when Sam at last turned up.

"I didn't have to hire a car," he said. "A chap gave me a lift as far as King Tor, and I walked the rest of the way."

"But did you get the Professor?" asked Jim eagerly.

"Ay, I got him," replied Sam, but he spoke rather heavily.

"What's wrong?" asked Jim.

"Nought's wrong, Jim. I've got good news for you."

"Good news!" repeated Jim.

"Mr. Thorold, he's starting for America straight off, and he told me to say he wants you to go along."

Jim fairly leaped up. "Wants me to go with him? Sam, you don't mean it!"

"Ay, it's right enough. He'll take you along to run the wireless for the party. It—it'll be fine for you, Jim."

"Fine! Oh, Sam, I can hardly believe it! It's too good to be true! But how came he to make such an offer?"

"Why shouldn't he?" Sam answered. "You're as good with the wireless as any grown man. I reckon you'll earn your pay."

"But he didn't say anything about it before," returned Jim. He paused. "Sam, did you tell him about Gadsden's offer to me?"

Sam went rather red. "Why shouldn't I?" he growled.

"Oh, Sam!" said Jim reproachfully. "Then it's you have done the whole thing for me."

"Well, I'm glad," said Sam flatly; then turned quickly away.

Jim stepped after him and put a hand on his shoulder. "Sam, you're the best pal a chap ever had," he declared, "and I'm a selfish pig. You've got me this wonderful chance, and I'm to leave you to stick in this dull hole without a soul to speak to. I won't go. I'll stay here with you."

Sam swung round sharply.

"Don't go for to talk nonsense, Jim. I'd never forgive you if you didn't go. . . . But see here, Jim, I haven't told you all the Professor said. He says he's going to get off quick as ever he can and try to beat Gadsden. There's a ship sailing from Bristol on Saturday for Rio, the Belstone Castle. That's what he's going by. And he said you were to go up to Bristol tomorrow and meet him at the office of the South Atlantic Shipping Company. So you'll need to catch an early train from Bude."

Jim whistled. "It doesn't leave much time," he said. "I've got to be up at three to get Upton if he's listening."

"Then you go right to bed now and get some sleep. I'll watch here till you come. You needn't trouble about kit, for Mr. Thorold said he'd get that for you in Bristol."

"You're a brick, Sam!" said Jim. "All right. I'll go and get a snooze, but I'll—"

He stopped short. "What's that—a gun?" he exclaimed.

"Sounds to me more like a rifle," replied Sam.

"Who'd be firing a rifle this time of the evening?" demanded Jim in a puzzled voice. "Why, there it is again!"

He went to the door and looked out. "Can't see anything," he said. "Can you tell where the shots came from, Sam?"

As he spoke a third report smacked through the silence of the summer evening and was followed by a loud clang.

"That bullet hit the roof," cried Jim.

Sam came running out. "It's Sneed," he said.

"What's he doing—not trying to shoot us?"

"No, that would be a bit beyond him. I'll tell you what he's at; he's trying to smash up your aerial!"

TO BE CONTINUED

Tales Before Bedtime

The Message

MR. JONES turned over the things in the packing-case. "Surely I included some pencils in that last order of mine," he said.

Mr. Jones had a ranch in the wilds of Australia, and it took a day and a half for a motor-car to get from the nearest town to their homestead.

However, the packet of pencils was found, and Mr. Jones's little boy Peter was determined that, whatever else he forgot to carry in his pocket, he would always remember to have a pencil there.

One day Peter's father had to go to the nearest farm—some fifty miles away. He took Peter with him in a big motor-car, the back of which was made like a cupboard to carry things. When they had gone fifteen miles the car broke down.

Mr. Jones opened the back of it for his tools and saw, to his surprise, Peter's bicycle.

"Don't you remember, Daddy?" said Peter excitedly. "Jake took it into town to be mended, and he must have brought it back yesterday and have forgotten to tell me. Now I can ride back on it and ask Jake to bring the tools along."

Mr. Jones hesitated. Fifteen miles was a long way for a little boy to ride, yet if he didn't go they must either leave the car or walk the journey. Mr. Jones couldn't leave the boy alone while he went for help.

"Very well, sonny," he said at last. "I'll write down the



Peter carried the message

things I want. I have a pencil; have you a piece of paper?"

Peter hadn't.

They hunted everywhere, but not a scrap could they find. So his father told Peter what he wanted.

Peter said it was very doubtful if he could remember everything. "I'll try, Daddy, but I might just forget the very thing you want."

"You might," said Mr. Jones. "But I have an idea. Take off your shirt, Peter, and stretch it over that board. There! I can write down everything I want on it." And so he did. "Now put your shirt on again, and hurry along."

And that is how Peter carried the message back to the farm.

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November 20, 1926

The Children's Newspaper

11



A Smile is Like the Glitter of the Sun



THE BRAN TUB

Hidden Names

IN this sentence the names of two historians are buried: Little-used words, like stigma, caul, aygreen, are useful in making up puzzles and enigmas. *Answer next week*

The C.N. Natural Portrait Gallery



The Unicorn Ram

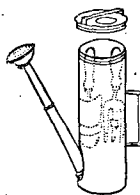
This member of the sheep family is the Unicorn Ram, whose home is in Nepal and Tibet. He is so named because his two horns are joined together, except at the tips.

Things Just Patented

We have no further information about the new patents which are illustrated here.

A Watering-Can as a Tool-Container. This new watering-can may be used as a tool container, the tools being held to the inside by means of clips.

The tools may be fitted with telescopic handles, and the spout, which is detachable, may also be placed inside the can when not in use. Its compactness will appeal to allotment-holders whose plots are some distance from their homes.



A Travelling Rocking-Horse. Here is an improvement on the old, familiar rocking-horse. Besides having a rocking motion, it travels forward or backward at will. There are two independent sets of rockers attached to the fore and hind legs respectively. The legs may be fixed when rocking only is desired, but by manipulating a lever the fore-legs may be released so that as the rider rocks the horse goes forward. The hind-legs may be similarly released for travelling backward.



Our Portrait Gallery



Thomas Chatterton



Alexander Pope

Is Your Name Harwood?

THIS is a surname derived from a place name. "Har" stands for hare and "wood" for wood—a wood where hares abound. Sometimes "wood" stands for "le wode," mad, but it would be rather far-fetched to suppose that Harwood has anything to do with the madness of March hares.

Ici On Parle Français



La gondole Un ours La toupie

Il descendra le canal en gondole
On dit que l'ours aime le miel
Cette toupie a une longue pointe

Double Acrostic

A SCIENCE in which many take delight,
Such is my second; would you view it right

My first will throw on it a useful light.

1. Sweet name, sweet odour, yet a weed no more.
2. Once a dread spell, its terrors now are o'er.
3. The nest in which bright jewels softly lie.
4. A pleasant piece of music none deny.
5. A useful, dangerous drug men love too well.
6. A maid who died for love, as poets tell.
7. The coast of the Carnatic bears this name.
8. A Western river not unknown to fame.
9. A useful animal, you must agree.
10. Never may you in life encounter me.

Answer next week

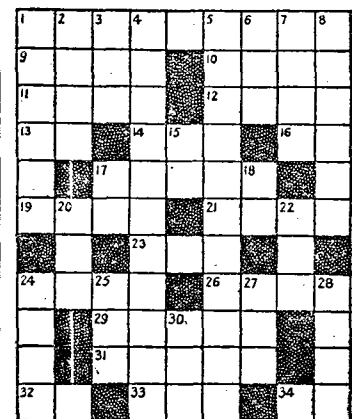
How Goethe Wrote His Name

JOHANN WOLFGANG VON GOETHE was born at Frankfort-on-the-Main on August 28, 1749, and died at Weimar on March 22, 1832. Poet, dramatist, and prose-writer, he is the greatest figure in German literature, and ranks among the greatest writers of all time. His output of work was very great, but his masterpiece, the tragedy of Faust, alone would have been enough to make him famous. This is how he wrote his name:

Goethe

Cross Word Puzzle

THERE are 37 words hidden in this cross word puzzle. The clues are given below and the answers will appear next week.

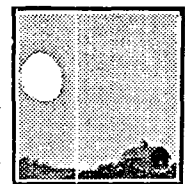


Reading Across. 1. Get rid of. 9. Actor's part. 10. The first garden. 11. Small loaf. 12. Tilt. 13. All correct (abbrev.). 14. Shelter. 16. The huntress (abbrev.). 17. Among. 19. A drudge. 21. Flat fish. 23. French for *he*. 24. Son of Isaac. 28. Set of players. 29. Concerned with the Sun. 31. Retinue. 32. Artist's honour (abbrev.). 33. To discern. 34. Learned degree (abbrev.).

Reading Down. 1. Mistakes. 2. Stars. 3. Sick. 4. Sweet as honey. 5. Compel. 6. Girl's name. 7. Look after. 8. Allure. 15. A conductor (abbrev.). 17. Title (abbrev.). 18. In the direction of. 20. German river. 22. Open grassland. 24. Always. 25. Rest of burden. 27. Before. 28. Girl. 30. Falsehood.

Next Week's Nature Calendar.

THE grey wagtail is arriving in England and is seen amid rushing mountain torrents. Another bird now coming to England for the winter is the redwing, which will remain till April. The song-thrush is beginning to sing again.



Looking South 10 p.m. November 23

Among the last trees to be stripped of their leaves are the elm, the elder, and the larch. Trees everywhere are now quite bare.

Jacko Works the Lift

JACKO rather liked going into the village shops with his mother. There was always a chance of getting up to mischief. And when Mrs. Jacko chose to do her shopping in the neighbouring town it was even more exciting.

One day they started off in the train on a really big shopping excursion. Mrs. Jacko was armed with a string-bag, while Jacko had the biggest basket she had been able to find.

"And we shall need it too," declared Mrs. Jacko, looking at her shopping list. "I've a great many things to buy."

When they arrived in the town Mrs. Jacko got very excited. She darted from shop to shop, looking at the prices of the things in the windows, and declaring that everything was far more expensive than in the village shops.

"I think we'll go home by the next train," she said.

That didn't suit Master Jacko at all. He looked round for something to persuade his mother to change her mind, and at last he said he thought that there was a sale on at the Monkeyville Stores.

"Come on, Mater, let's have a look anyway," he said. "We may find no end of bargains."

And, strangely enough, when they arrived at the Stores



Everybody thought Jacko was the proper attendant

there was a sale on. Mrs. Jacko's face was a study when she saw all the tempting offers in the windows.

"I must go in here," she said, clutching her bag more tightly. And in they went.

There was a terrific crowd inside the shop, and though Jacko did his best to keep with his mother he soon got separated from her. He wasn't altogether sorry, because it meant he could go off on his own.

And suddenly he saw a chance of a great game. It was a very big shop with several lifts, and one of the lifts had a notice on its outer door to say that it wasn't working.

"Coo! That's tiresome, with all this crowd," said Jacko. "I must investigate." And he boldly walked up to the lift and flung open the door.

As a matter of fact, there was nothing wrong with the lift, and it was only closed while the attendant was out at lunch. When Jacko called out "Going up!" everybody thought he was the proper attendant, and people rushed to the lift.

"I want the Hairdressing Department," said one lady.

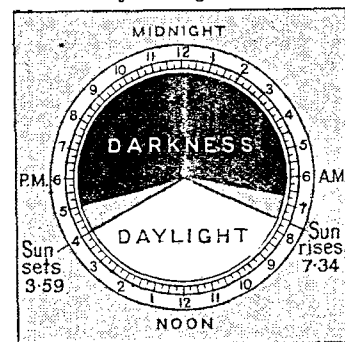
"And I want some ribbon," said another.

And a third lady asked whether the lift could take her to the Lost Property Office. "I've lost my little boy," she began. And then she gave a little shriek. *It was Mrs. Jacko!*

A Word Square

A hunt; a hut; to take advantage of; a French river; a girl's name. *Answer next week*

Day and Night Chart



Darkness, twilight, and daylight in the middle of next week. The daylight grows shorter each day

How to Lift

HEAVY weights yield to skill even more than to brute strength. An expert in physical training gives these conclusions on the subject: To pick up a weight squat, with back kept straight. Grasp the object, then straighten up, and the whole work of lifting will be done by the legs.

Always keep a weight as close to the body as possible. Whenever it is away from the body there is extra work to do. When you can, get the weight on top of your own. The Indian squaw who carries her baby on her back has the right idea.

Another good idea is to follow the Oriental's plan of balancing weights. If you are planning to take a long trip, for example, buy two suitcases instead of one and distribute your load, carrying a case in each hand.

What Is It?

My first is in butcher but not in meat,
My second's in welcome but not in greet,
My third is in water but not in milk,
My fourth is in linen but not in silk,
My fifth is in cracker but not in squib,
My sixth is in pencil but not in nib,
My seventh's in talking but not in sing,
My whole is a warm and useful thing.

Answer next week

ANSWERS TO LAST WEEK'S PUZZLES

What Am I? Thames

A Hidden Plant

Cucumber, CUP CUff, coMB, ewER

Transposition Ink, kin

Changeling

Meat, beat, boat, boar, soar, soap, soup

DR. MERRYMAN

A GIRL was applying for an engagement to sing at a concert.

"Ever sung in public before?" asked the busy manager.

"No; but my mother says I sing very well."

"Bring me a recommendation from your next-door neighbours and I will consider your application."

Blindman's Bull



SNIP (who has borrowed a thorny cactus plant from the greenhouse): Whom are you touching now?

Snorum: This is Harold Hedgehog; I can tell him by his prickles.

A Wonderful Tailor

THERE was once a great tailor of Herts

Who made jackets in twenty-five parts;

When fitting the sleeve,

You'd scarcely believe,

He was really a Master of Arts.

A Priceless Machine

"THIS little machine costs practically nothing to run," said the salesman; "in fact, it will soon pay for itself."

"Good!" said the customer. "As soon as it has done that you can deliver it at my office."

WHEN is money damp?

When it is due (dew) in the morning and missed (mist) at night.

No Use to Him

A FARMER once went to Sir Robert Ball, the astronomer, and asked him if he might look at the Moon through his telescope.

"By all means," said Sir Robert. "Come round tonight and you shall see it."

"Can't I see it now?" asked the farmer disappointedly.

"No; I'm afraid it's not visible now."

"Oh, then it's no use my coming: I can see it for myself at night without a telescope."

The Children's Newspaper grew out of My Magazine, the monthly the whole world loves. My Magazine grew out of the Children's Encyclopedia, the greatest book for children in the world.

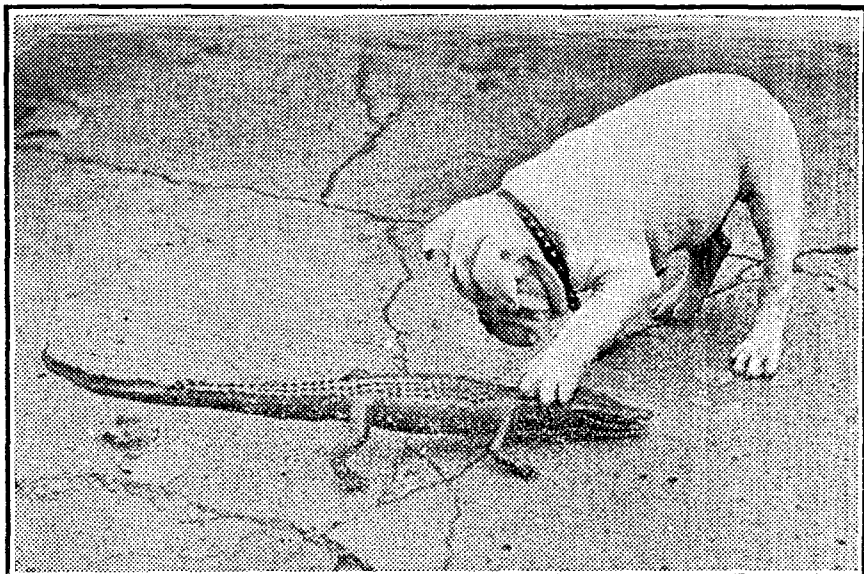
CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

November 20, 1926

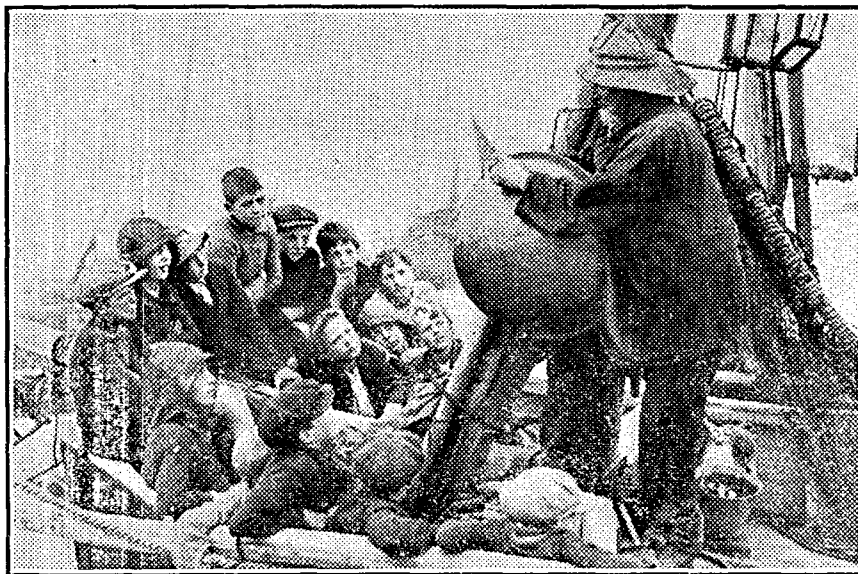
Every Thursday, 2d.

The C.N. is posted anywhere inland and abroad for 11s. a year. My Magazine, published on the 15th of each month, is posted anywhere, except Canada, for 14s. a year; Canada, 13s. 6d. See below.

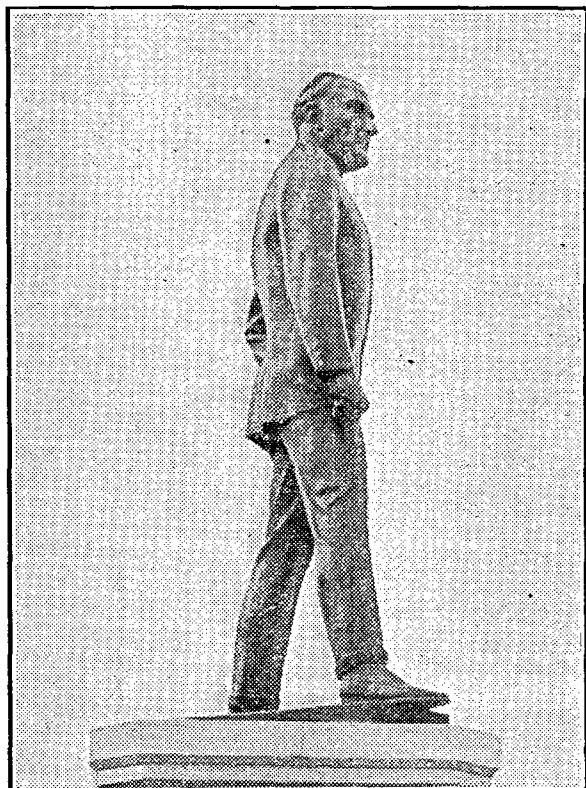
TURKEY'S FIRST STATUE • MONUMENT TO STEEL • KING DRIVES AN ENGINE



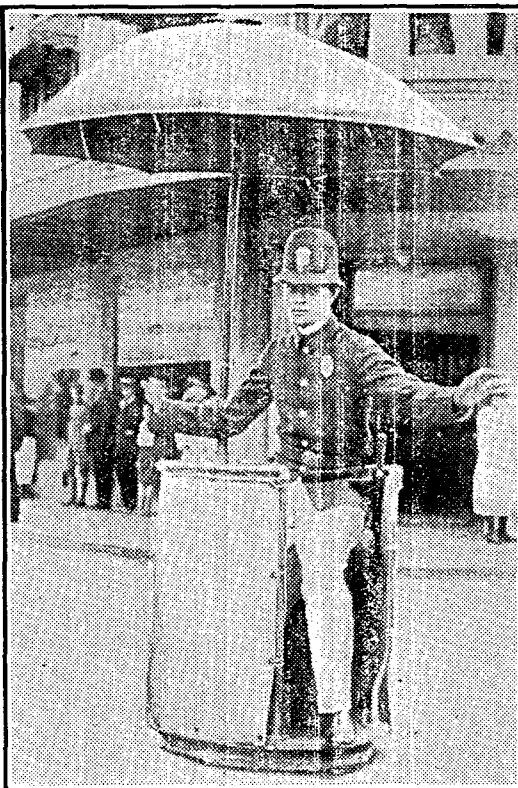
A Puzzle for the Bulldog—A little pet alligator strayed into the garden of a London house the other day, and was cautiously inspected by a friendly bulldog, as seen in this picture



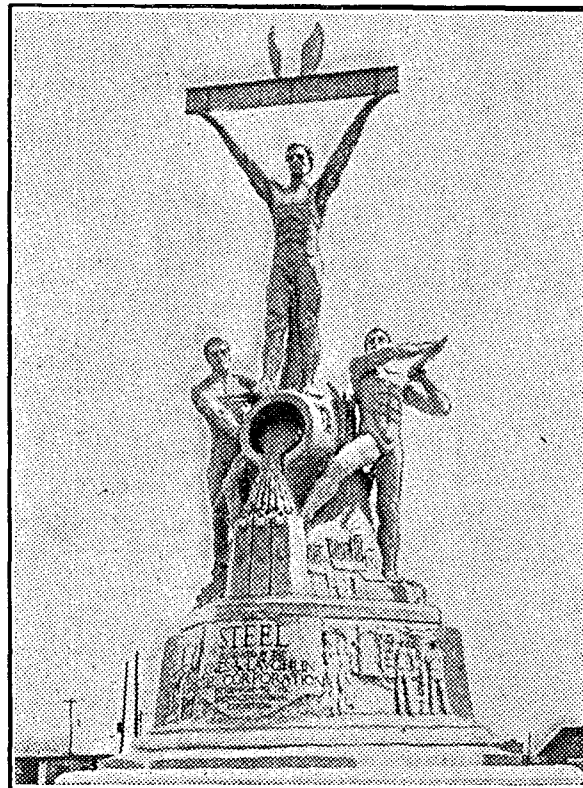
Learning to be Sailors—One of the oldest fishermen at Hastings often talks to boys about the life of a sailor. Here he is seen pointing out some of his voyages on a globe of the world



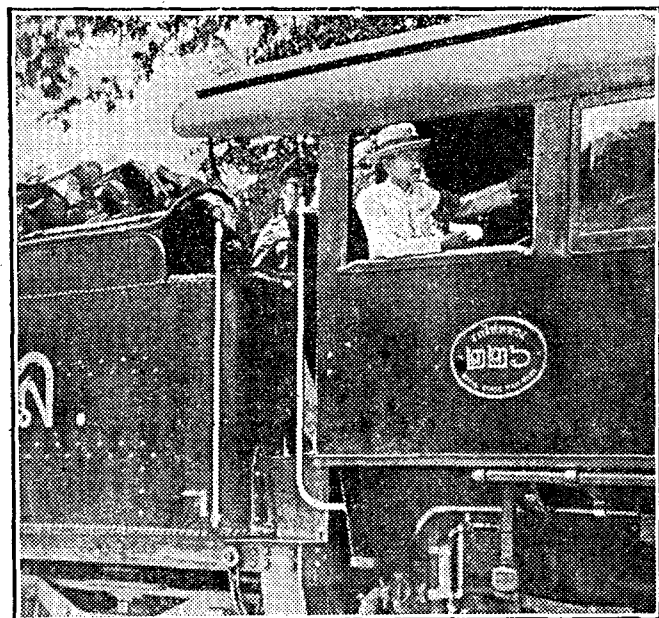
Turkey's First Statue—The first statue of a human being ever erected by Mohammedans has lately been unveiled in Constantinople. It is this striking figure of Mustapha Kemal, the President of the Turkish Republic, who is shown in Western dress



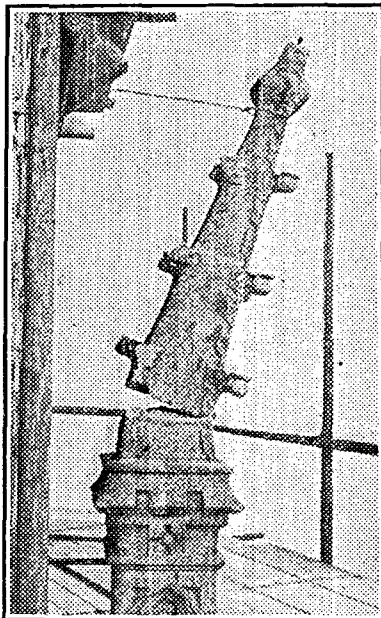
Making the Traffic Policeman Comfortable—In this picture we see one of the traffic policemen at work in Honolulu. He is provided with a comfortable chair and a big umbrella to protect him from the hot sunshine



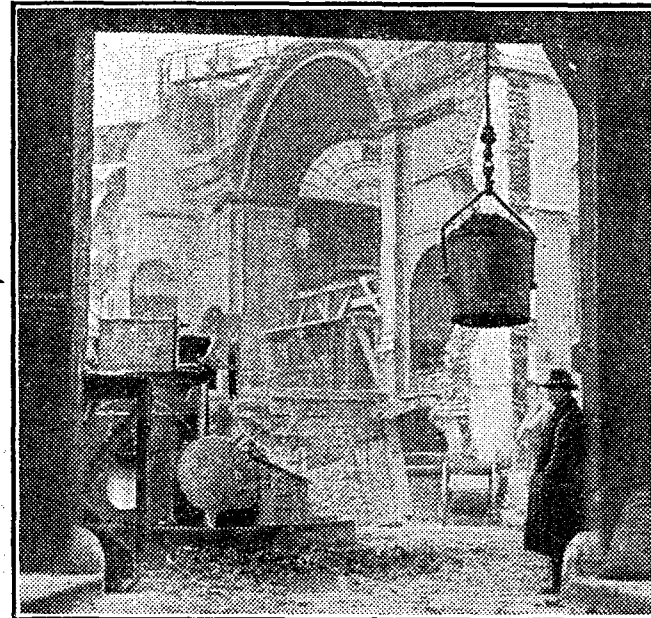
A Monument to Steel—One of the most remarkable sights at the great exhibition in Philadelphia this year was the fine monument in this picture, which symbolises the importance of steel in industry. This unusual idea attracted much attention



A King Drives an Engine—King Prajadhipok of Siam visited the workshops of the State Railways at Bangkok recently and drove one of the giant engines, as seen here. This engine was built in the United States and burns wood, which is more easily available than coal in Siam



Crumbling Houses of Parliament—The stonework of the Houses of Parliament has been badly damaged by the London atmosphere, as shown by this pinnacle



Guarding the Ruins of the Bank—The Bank of England is being pulled down in readiness for rebuilding, and a very strict watch is kept to prevent unauthorised people from watching the work carried on. And learning how the Bank is to be reconstructed

PART 2 OF THE CHILDREN'S TREASURE HOUSE IS NOW ON THE BOOKSTALLS

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